

# THE LIVING AGE.

---

No. 806.—5 November, 1859.

---

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. Christina of Sweden, . . . . .	<i>New Monthly Magazine</i> , 323
2. A Woman's Sacrifice. Part 2, . . . . .	337
3. Masson's Lectures on British Novelists, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 353
4. Abbey View: Reminiscence of Childhood, . . . . .	<i>Ladies' Companion</i> , 356
5. George Canning and his Times, . . . . .	<i>Examiner</i> , 366
6. Holmby House. Chaps. 28, 29, . . . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , 371

POETRY.—The Dawn in Italy, 322. A Prince at High Pressure, 322. "By the Margin of Fair Zurich's Waters," 322. Italy's Partial Successes, 370. The English Vandal, 370. The Tailors, 370. Franklin, 384. The Departure of the Swallows, 384.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Optical Telegraph, 336. Cricket, 352. Array of British Novels, 355.

---

## NEW BOOKS.

HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND. By John Gorham Palfrey. Vol. I. Little, Brown, & Co., Boston. [An article on this work, from *The National Review*, may be found in No. 794.]  
 THE MINISTER'S WOOING. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Derby and Jackson, New York; Brown, Taggard, & Chase, Boston.  
 GERMAINE. By Edmond About, author of the "Roman Question," etc. Translated by Mary L. Booth. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.  
 A TREATISE ON THEISM, AND ON THE MODERN SCEPTICAL THEORIES. By Francis Wharton. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.  
 SWORD AND GOWN. By the author of "Guy Livingstone." Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

---

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
 LITTELL, SON, & CO., BOSTON.

---

For Six Dollars a year, in advance, remitted directly to the Publishers, the *Living Age* will be punctually forwarded free of postage.

Complete sets of the First Series, in thirty-six volumes, and of the Second Series, in twenty volumes, handsomely bound, packed in neat boxes, and delivered in all the principal cities, free of expense of freight, are for sale at two dollars a volume.

ANY VOLUME may be had separately, at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

ANY NUMBER may be had for 13 cents; and it is well worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

## THE DAWN IN ITALY.

WHAT of the night o'er Europe spread ?  
Is day in Italy begun ?  
Has the long, dismal darkness fled ?  
Shines, yonder, Freedom's rising sun ?  
It should be daybreak—steady, clear,  
Serenely, temperately bright ;  
And they that in its rays appear  
Are true men walking in the light.

Apart from rant ; without bombast,  
The building of self-rule proceeds ;  
No braying pomp, with trumpet blast,  
Burlesques the grandeur of their deeds.  
No mutual kisses, maudlin tears,  
Frivolous dance, or mad fool's cry ;  
No sickly song offends the ears ;  
No flaunting tinsel shames the eye.

Or see we there no rosy dawn,  
No true aurora ; but a lamp,  
Which in a moment may be gone,  
Extinguished by a tyrant's stamp ?  
Is, then, immoral force so strong,  
The strength of right so sad a doubt,  
That England must permit the wrong,  
Stand by, and see the light put out ?

Brave men, at least our wishes take,  
If they are all we can afford ;  
With foes environed, for your sake,  
If we can spare no helping sword,  
With spirits of your bards, and shades  
Of Romans old, we still survey  
Your noble struggle, forced with aids  
Reserved, to hold the world at bay.

—Punch.

## A PRINCE AT HIGH PRESSURE.

THE dear little Wales—sure the saddest of tales,  
Is the tale of the studies with which they are  
cramming thee ;

In thy tuckers and bibs, handed over to Gibbs,  
Who for eight years with solid instruction was  
ramming thee.

Then to fill any nook Gibbs had chanced to o'er-  
look,

In those poor little brains, sick of learned  
palaver,

When thou'dst fain rolled in clover, they handed  
thee over,

To the prim pedagogic protection of Tarver.

In Edinburgh next, thy poor noddle perplexed,  
The gauntlet must run of each science and  
study ;

Till the mixed streams of knowledge, turned on  
by the college,

Through the field of thy boy-brains run shal-  
low and muddy.

To the south from the north—from the shores  
of the Forth,

Where at hands Presbyterian pure science is  
quaffed—

The prince, in a trice, is whipped off to the Isis,  
Where Oxford keeps springs mediæval on  
draught.

Dipped in gray Oxford mixture (lest *that* prove  
a fixture),  
The poor lad's to be plunged in less orthodox  
Cam :

Where dynamics and statics, and pure mathe-  
matics,

Will be piled on his brain's awful cargo of  
" cram."

Where next the boy *may* go to swell the farrago,  
We haven't yet heard, but the palace they're  
plotting in :

To Berlin, Jena, Bonn, he'll no doubt be passed  
on,

And drop in, for a finishing touch, p'raps, at  
Gottingen.

'Gainst indulging the passion for this high pres-  
sure fashion

Of prince-training, *Punch* would uplift loyal  
warning ;

Locomotives we see, over-stoked soon may be,  
Till the supersteamed boiler blows up some  
fine morning.

The *Great Eastern's* disaster should teach us to  
master

Our passion for pace, lest the mind's water-  
jacket

—Steam for exit fierce panting, and safety-valves  
wanting—

Should explode round the brain, of a sudden,  
and crack it. —Punch.

"BY THE MARGIN OF FAIR ZURICH'S  
WATERS."

## A NEW SONG TO THE OLD TUNE.

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters,  
The Commissioners' time sped away—  
They found most agreeable quarters,  
Colloredo, and 'cute Bourqueney.

But no business transacted could be,  
For Desambrois—that cool Piedmontee—  
To whate'er France and Austria might say,  
Still put in a most resolute "Nay,"  
In a "quite 'tother way."

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters,  
At the close of a long wasted day,  
(As we learn from our special reporters)  
Colloredo bespake Bourqueney :

"This is humbug, you clearly must see,  
It's plain we shall never agree :  
Don't you think we had better divide :"  
Can you tell how the Frenchman replied ?

I leave you to guess—

Of course he said "Yes."

—Punch.

From The New Monthly Magazine.

## CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN.

A PERIOD there was in the seventeenth century during which the only crowned head in wide Europe which could claim aught of personal glory, was that of a woman. At the time in question, Mazarin was absolute master of France and the young king (the hour for whose *l'Etat c'est Moi* had not yet struck). Don Louis de Haro governed Spain and Philip IV. Christina alone, the queen of Sweden, governed in her own person, and actually by the weight of her own authority; she alone, in the language of Voltaire,\* sustained the honor of the throne, which in the remaining states of Europe was either abandoned or tarnished or unknown.

Her reign naturally suggests a comparison, as the late Dr. Miller remarked, with that of Elizabeth of England, who had died thirty years before the accession of the Swedish queen. He considers a female reign to have been advantageous to each people, as it tended to mitigate the severity of their general manners: to the English in counteracting the growing fanaticism of the Puritans, to the Swedes in correcting the ferocity resulting from long-continued hostilities. "This is, however, the single point of correspondence. Both reigns were indeed supported by able ministers: but Burleigh was selected by the wisdom, and maintained in power by the vigor of Elizabeth, whereas Oxenstiern had been bequeathed to Christina by her father, and upheld himself by the energy of his own superior mind. The reign of Christina again, during the ten years in which she was competent to direct the government, was a period of royal patronage of learning; but Elizabeth, though herself learned, and though on account of the general excitement of the minds of her people her reign has been considered as the golden age of English literature, does not appear to have regarded the encouragement of learning as a special object of her care." Another "remarkable distinction" the professor points out, which is this: that feminine feelings were blended with the great qualities of the English queen; while Christina, whom her father had directed to be educated as a prince, not a princess, disdained the coquetry, and even the manners of her sex. Each was, however, in Dr. Miller's plan of the

philosophy of history,\* suited to the circumstances in which she was placed,—Christina in particular being well qualified to effect a sudden introduction of mental cultivation among a military people; for her masculine mind could embrace with ardor all the objects of intellectual refinement, while, as a woman, she could devolve much of the cares of state upon her able minister, devoting her chief attention to the improvement of her own genius, and of that of her subjects.† But Christina maintained to the full her supremacy as head of the state, however able and intelligent her delegates or ministers might be. So long as she held the sceptre, she swayed the sceptre. State affairs attracted, and even amused, but they never daunted her. She plunged into their vortex with a sort of zestful abandon, and found matter to occupy her restless spirit in their intricacies and involutions—in the intrigues of courtiers and the circumvention of courts. While quite a young girl, she was capable, says Ranke, of conceiving independent and just opinions, and of triumphantly maintaining them among senators grown gray in worldly experience. "She plunged into business with the quick spirit of innate acuteness; above all things, she was penetrated with a sense of the high importance conferred on her by her descent, and by the necessity of ruling by herself. She never referred an ambassador to her minister; she would never suffer a subject of hers to wear a foreign order; she would not, she said, have a member of her flock marked by another's hand. She knew how to assume a countenance that struck generals mute before whom Germany had quailed: had a new war broken out, she would undoubtedly have placed herself at the head of her troops."‡ What Milton thought of her we know, by his panegyric in the Second Defence of the People of England; or rather what he said of her: for, whatever Milton's sincerity, there is a hyperbole in his tone of homage that savors of the affected—and corresponding by its excess in one direction, with the excess his objuratory polemics

\* See Book III. chap. viii. of Miller's "History, Philosophically Illustrated."

† "To Swedish genius, thus cultivated, the commonwealth of Europe has in the succeeding century become indebted for the sexual system of Linné or Linnæus, who, by arranging plants according to the analogies of the parts of fructification, has created botany."—*Ibid.*

‡ Ranke: History of the Popes. Book VIII.

\* Siècle de Louis XIV., ch. vi.

assume in another. As the positive pole of his electric eloquence flashes upon the praises of a then Protestant queen, so, and in analogous measure, does its negative pole the denunciation of a Salmasius or an Alexander More. Both in extremes. Christina is hailed by him—despite her patronage of the detested Salmasius—now with the salutation “O serene queen of Sweden!” and lauded for her “magnanimity almost above human:” now with that of “O Augusta!” possessed of “not only so much magnanimity, but so irradiated by the glorious beams of wisdom and virtue,” as to read his, John Milton’s, political diatribes—“read with patience, with incredible impartiality, with a serene complacency of countenance, [how did this most glorious of glorious Johns know that?] what might seem to be levelled against your rights and dignity:” \* now with that of “You, O queen! will forever be the object of my homage, my veneration, and my love.” Milton died long years before Queen Christina; but doubtless he had changed his opinion of her long years before his own decease. His “forever” may remind us of *Rosalind’s* amendment of that phrase in the mouth of *Orlando*. “Forever, and a day,” quoth he. “Say a day, without the ever,” † quoth she. Not that Milton would be singular in the matter of changing his mind about Christina. All Christendom probably, at any rate all France (according to Mme. de Motteville ‡) did. But then Milton was not a

\* A little previously Milton had said: “You denied that what I had written against tyrants could have any reference to you; whence, in your own breast you enjoyed the sweets, and among others the fame, of a good conscience. For, since the whole tenor of your conduct sufficiently proves that you are no tyrant, this unreserved expression of your sentiments makes it still more clear, that you are not even conscious to yourself of being one. How happy am I beyond my utmost expectations! . . . that, when the critical exigencies of my country demanded that I should undertake the arduous and invidious task of impugning the rights of kings, I should meet with so illustrious, so truly royal an evidence to my integrity, and to this truth, that I had not written a word against kings, but only against tyrants, the spots and the pests of royalty!”—*Milton’s Second Defence of the People of England*.

† “As You Like It.” Act IV. Sc. 1.

‡ “La Renommée,” says Madame, with something of *douce ironie*, “est une grande causeuse: elle aime souvent à passer les limites de la vérité; mais cette vérité a bien de la force: elle ne laisse pas longtemps le monde crédule abandonné à la tromperie. Quelque temps après”—that is to say, after the enthusiasm felt in favor of Christina, about the time of the arrival of her ambassador at Paris, in 1649—“on connut que les vertus de cette

Frenchman—though by the exceeding *politesse* of his compliments to the queen, he might, if “on this occasion only,” almost pass for one. Hear him again, addressing her august, “gothic” majesty (as la Motteville calls her): “The Divinity himself seems to have inspired you with a love of wisdom, and a thirst for improvement, beyond what any books ever could have produced. It excites our astonishment to see a force of intellect truly divine, a particle of celestial flame so resplendently pure, in a region so remote. . . I would invoke you, Christina, as the only child of the renowned and victorious Adolphus, if your merit did not as much eclipse his, as wisdom excels strength, and the arts of peace the havoc of war.” Henceforth, he then goes on to say, warming with the exercise—henceforth, the queen of the south will not be alone renowned in history; for there is a queen of the north, who would not only be worthy to appear in the court of the wise King of the Jews, or any king of equal wisdom; but to whose court others may from all parts repair, to behold so fair a heroine, so bright a pattern of all the royal virtues; and to the crown of whose praise this, he affirms, may well be added, that neither in her conduct nor in her appearance, is there any of the forbidding reserve or the ostentatious parade of royalty.

Milton does not quit his panegyric without a handsomely phrased allusion to the rumors of her majesty’s possible, nay probable, abdication:—

“She herself seems the least conscious of her own attributes of sovereignty; and her thoughts are always fixed on something greater and more sublime than the glitter of a crown. In this respect, her example may well make innumerable kings hide their diminished heads. She may, if such is the fatality of the Swedish nation, abdicate her sovereignty, but she can never lay aside the queen; for her reign has proved that she is fit to govern, not only Sweden, but the world.” \*

What would have been Milton’s estimate of Christina had her lot, as a queen—and by his reckoning every inch a queen—been cast

reine gothique étaient médiocres: elle n’avait alors guère de respect pour les chrétiennes; et, si elle pratiquait les morales, c’était plutôt par fantaisie que par sentiment.”—*Mémoires de Madame de Motteville*.

\* Milton’s Second Defence.



in England instead of Sweden? If Charles' hand was found heavy upon Parliament and People, what would hers have been? Determined spirit that she was, and despotically disposed, her little finger would have been found thicker than the Stuart's loins: if he had chastised them with whips, she would have done so with scorpions. Or else we egregiously mistake the woman, and misread the queen.

The treatise by Salmasius, one of her *protégés*, against which Milton's onslaught was directed, taught only (says a thoroughgoing old English Tory) the stale doctrine of authority, and the unpleasing duty of submission; and Salmasius himself had so long been not only the monarch but the tyrant of literature, that almost all mankind were delighted to find him defied and insulted by a new name, not yet considered as any one's rival. But, adds Dr. Johnson, "if Christina, as is said, commended the 'Defence of the People,' her purpose must be to torment Salmasius, who was then at her court; for neither her civil station nor her natural character could dispose them to favor the doctrine, who was by birth a queen, and by temper despotic."\*

Her studious and scholarly pursuits appear to have been of a kind to justify much of what is said by her English panegyrist. As a child she had tired out her instructors by what De Quincey might call her "frantic" excesses in study. She says, in her autobiography—only a small part of which has been made public (this part, however, displays, in the opinion of Leopold Ranke, an earnestness, a truth in her dealings with herself, a freedom and firmness of mind, before which calumny is dumb†): "The men and

women who taught and waited on me, I fatigued furiously; they were quite in despair; I gave them rest neither night nor day; and when my women wished to dissuade me from pursuing such a way of life, I ridiculed them, and said: 'If you are sleepy, go to bed; I can do without you.'" Her childish devotion to study has been ascribed, in part, to her residing with her mother, who surrendered herself wholly to grief for the loss of her husband—it being Christina's chiefest longing, day by day, to escape from the gloomy chambers of mourning, and breathe free again in the expanse opened for her, in history by Tacitus, and by Plato in philosophy. But she is very well known to have possessed extraordinary natural talents, too, especially for languages. "I knew at the age of fourteen all the languages, all the sciences, and all the accomplishments they chose to teach me. But since then I have learned many without the aid of any master, and it is certain that I never had any one to teach me the German, French, Italian, and Spanish languages."\* As she grew up, the attractions of literature won her with increasing influence into its charmed circle: the power of the spell was enhanced as she gradually became more and more subject to it. Then was the epoch, too, the historian reminds us, in which learning emancipated itself by degrees from the fetters of theological controversy, and universally acknowledged reputations towered above the strife of parties. And it was Christina's ambition to have men of celebrity about her, and to avail herself of their instruction. Ranke enumerates some of these Men of the Time. First came a few German philologists and historians, such as Freinsheim, at whose solicitation she remitted his native town of Ulm the chief part of the war contributions imposed upon it. Some Netherlanders followed—in particular, Isaac Vossius, who brought into vogue the study of Greek. Under his auspices Christina soon made acquaintance with the best authors of antiquity, and even the Fathers of the Church did not remain unknown to her.† It is from Vossius that she is said to have learned infidelity,—Vossius, by the way, being the man of whom our Charles II. remarked, after hearing him relate some incredible stories concerning

\* Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*: "Milton."

† "Not less remarkable are the apophthegms and scattered thoughts, the productions of her leisure hours, which have come down to us." Ranke here alludes to the *Ouvrages de loisir de Christine reine de Suède*; and to the *Sentiments et dits mémorables de Christine*; contained in the appendices respectively to the second and fourth volumes of Arkenholtz. They bespeak, he considers, much knowledge of the world, an insight into the play of the passions attainable only through experience, and observations upon them of the subtlest kind, yet withal a decided bent towards the essential; a lively conviction of the power of self-government, and of the nobility of the mind; a just appreciation of earthly things, which are estimated neither too meanly nor too highly; and a mental constitution that seeks only to satisfy God and itself.

\* "La Vie de la Reine Christine, faite par elle-même, et dédiée à Dieu."

† Ranke: *Hist. of the Popes*. Book VIII.

China, that he believed every thing except the Bible. Nicolaus Heinsius, again, boasts it as his first good fortune that he was born in this queen's time; as his second, that he became known to her; for the third and best, he wishes posterity to learn, that he, the said Nicolaus, was not wholly displeasing to her. She employed him chiefly to procure her costly MSS. and rare books from Italy, which he did conscientiously, and with success. The Italians began to complain that ships were freighted with the spoils of their libraries, that the appliances of learning were carried off from them to the extremity of the north. In 1650, Salmasius made his appearance: the queen had sent to him to say, that if he would not come to her, she should be forced to go to him. He resided a year in her palace. Lastly, Des Cartes was induced to visit her. Every morning at five o'clock\* he had the honor to see her in her library. It is asserted that, to his amazement, he found she had succeeded in deducing his own ideas from Plato. It is certain that, in her conferences with the learned, as well as in her discussions with the senate, she displayed a most happy memory, and a rapid apprehension and penetration.† "Her genius is in the highest degree extraordinary," exclaims Naudé, in a seemingly unaffected "amaze." The queen, he tells Gassendi by letter (1652), has the best of it in the frequent controversies raised between her majesty and *Messieurs* Bochart, Bourdelot, du Fresne, and, the letter-writer shrinks not from adding, *et moi*. "And if I tell you," he continues (*sans flatterie*, Gassendi is certified), "that her mind is altogether of extraordinary range, I shall affirm no untruth, for she has seen every thing, has read every thing, knows every thing."

\* He had stipulated, in the words of an anonymous biographer of Christina, "to be freed from court ceremonial, but the queen required his attendance in her library every morning at five. This exertion, and the coldness of the climate, threw him into a consumption. The single consolation he enjoyed—that of quietly conversing with and looking on the beauty of the Princess Palatine, the daughter of Elizabeth of Bohemia—was next denied him; and so haughtily resented by the queen that the issue of his fatal malady was thereby hastened."

The queen wished to inter him with great honor in Sweden, but the French ambassador interposed, and his remains were conveyed for sepulture among his countrymen in Paris. Thus fell one of the greatest men of the age, a victim to the absurd caprice of the royal patron under whose auspices he had taken shelter from the persecutions of the Church.—*Nat. Cyclop.*

† Ranke.

She was now in correspondence with most of the literary celebrities of Europe; and the philosophers and philosophies whom she fascinated to her bleak capital, seem to have "found their account" in heaping flatteries upon her, always of course *sans flatterie*. Her court at this time is said to have exhibited that mixture of scholastic pedantry and elaborate trifling which Molière essayed to hit off, show up, and eke put down, in his comedy of the *Femmes Savantes*.

Besides the literati already mentioned, there are to be noted, of those whom Christina at some time or another patronized or concerned herself about—the very erudite Grotius, treated by her with the "most distinguished consideration," for his own merits' sake, as well as in regard to her father's memory; D'Herbelot and Bochart, both familiar with Oriental literature—the latter having directed his efforts to the illustration of the Bible, while the former had furnished, in his *Bibliothèque Orientale*, a treasure of information relative to the modern learning of Asia.\* In later days she raised the poet Filicaja "from the depths of poverty, loaded him with benefits, and educated his family." Filicaja's voice was not lost in the chorus of contemporary poets who, with one consent, hymned forth their praises of Christina, but is yet heard, now that most of the tuneful choir are not only dead, but (alas for poetical immortality, of which they felt so sure) absolutely and irretrievably forgotten. Ranke adduces, as "highly to her honor," the instance of the exiled Borelli, whom Christina supported with all her power, and whose "celebrated and still unsurpassed work on the mechanics of animal motions, which has had such an influence on the progress of physiology," she caused to be printed at her own cost. Nor should the name of the founder of the Neapolitan school of music, Scarlatti, be forgotten, who always remembered her with signs of cordial gratitude, and whose opera, *L'Onesta d'Amore*, performed in her palace at Rome, made the year 1680, in the words of Dr. Burney (who ought to know), "memorable to musicians."

Operas, ballets, and plays, by the way, never came amiss to Christina. From girlhood to old age she had a passion for spectacular and theatrical exhibitions. In the latter part of her reign, she used to amuse

\* Miller.

herself (already *ennuyée*, and meditating abdication) with inventing masques and ballets, in the performance of which she would frequently bear a part. Once, we are told, she acted *Amarantha* in a pastoral, and then instituted the order of the "*Amarantha*," which she bestowed on persons of both sexes in her court and on some of the foreign ambassadors. She celebrated her recantation of Protestantism, in Brussels (1654), by a series of entertainments; and professed herself hugely delighted when Cardinal Mazarin forwarded a *troupe* of comedians from Paris, to amuse the ex-Protestant ex-queen with French and Italian operas and plays. She describes herself at this time, with epicurean levity, as "eating and sleeping well, studying a little, talking, giggling, and witnessing comedies in French, Spanish, and Italian." The year following, she made a grand public renunciation of the Protestant faith at Innsprück, and was there again gratified by a succession of balls, festal gatherings, and theatrical devertisements, altogether so numerous, showy, and brilliantly attended, that she is said to have been "constantly exclaiming in childish glee, *O che bella! che bella!*" Next year we find her at Paris, by invitation from the French court (1656); and of course we find her also a prominent assistant at the French and Italian comedy—her approbation being as loudly and unreservedly bestowed, to the amusement and perhaps distraction of the audience, as that of a late royal duke among ourselves; H.R.H. abstaining, however, so far as we are aware, from expressing disapprobation, when the actor was not up to the ducal mark, which Christina on the other hand did *not*. Ten years later she is to be seen at Hamburg, acting the part of *Armida*, in a lyrical ballet founded on Tasso's epic.

Ranke takes a highly favorable view of the literary and artistic influence she exercised, of a strong and enduring kind, upon the age she lived in, and especially on Italian literature. It is well known, he remarks, what extravagant turgidity, far-fetched conceits, and vapid trifling, prevailed in the Italian poetry and rhetoric of those days. "Queen Christina had too much taste and intellect to be caught by this fashion; it was her aversion. In the year 1680, she founded an academy in her house for political and literary discussion, one of its most notable statutes being, that the members should abstain from

the modern inflated and metaphor-crammed style, and follow simply the dictates of sound sense and the models of the Augustan and Medicean ages." It is justly enough added, that the impression made on us is singular, when lighting on the labors of this academy in the Albani library in Rome: essays by Italian abbati corrected by the hands of a northern queen. From Christina's academy issued men like Alessandro Guidi, who had formerly adopted the usual style of the day, but who, after he had come in contact with the queen, resolutely renounced it, and leagued himself with a few friends, in order, if possible, to abolish it altogether.\*

That she had a sincere and enlightened regard for mental culture, and an even eager interest in the well-being and better-being of contemporary literature, science, and arts, there can be little doubt. What we are told by poets of her poetical taste and appreciation, and by philosophers of her metaphysical acumen, is to be accepted *cum grano*. Her own life may be philosophy teaching by example, to some admirers,—Voltaire, for instance, who, *nil admirari* put by for the nonce, so emphatically admires a sovereign who "*crut qu'il valait mieux vivre avec des hommes qui pensent, que de commander à des hommes sans lettres ou sans génie.*"† But, as Mr. Grote, the historian of Greece, observes, in his account of the *liaison* between Plato and Dionysius,—to admire philosophy in its distinguished teachers is one thing; to learn and appropriate it is another stage, rarer and more difficult, requiring assiduous labor and no common endowments; while that which Plato calls the "philosophical life," or practical predominance of a well-trained intellect and well-chosen ethical purposes, combined with the minimum of personal appetite—is a third stage, higher and rarer still.‡ Whether Christina, any more than the Sicilian tyrant two thousand years before, had advanced beyond the first stage, admits a doubt. Like Dionysius, however, she dearly loved to have a philosopher about her—to talk with, dispute with, perhaps to scold. She liked the society of men of mark, and cared for no other. "I had early an an-

\* "The Arcadia, an academy to which has been ascribed the merit of accomplishing this good work, arose out of Queen Christina's association."

—*Ranke*.

† "Siècle de Louis XIV.," ch. vi.

‡ Grote's History of Greece, vol. xi. ch. 74.

tipathy," she declares, "to all that women do and say." But to get celebrities of the masculine gender into her company, and to assert her influence over them, and watch its operation, was delightful. Algernon Sydney, for example, from our own shores, whom she met at Hamburg, in 1660, and captivated not a little during the long conversations they had together; or Bishop Burnet, with whom she was "very facetious," when that fussy, gossip, good man visited Rome, in 1687, not two years before her death. But her predilections for the male sex were themselves rather of a masculine than feminine character. At any rate, whatever her attachments, she determined early in life never to marry. Did strangers sarcastically hint,—

"Methinks the lady doth protest too much" in protesting *that*? Those who were no strangers to her strong will and masculine nature might reply,

"Nay, but she'll keep her word."

She did keep it. Not without let or hindrance, however; not without appeals from this side and that side—smooth speeches—flattering suggestions—political remonstrances—prime-ministerial objections—and diplomatic overtures of various degrees and dimensions. The emperor proffered his son. Gustavus himself had nominated the young elector of Brandenburg. Two kings of Poland, Ladislaus and John Casimir, were successively candidates for that *not* lily-white hand.\* Oxenstiern, her faithful old right-hand man, is said to have been desirous of marrying her to his favorite son. Other members of her senate had other schemes on the same subject. But Christina tabooed the subject. She would have no master—could endure no rival near her throne.

"She would not her unhoused free condition  
Put into circumspection and confine  
For the sea's worth." †

Whatever obligation she might be under to her kingdom to contract such an engagement, she "thought herself sufficiently ab-

\* Cleanliness was no more the virtue of Christina than (by Horace Walpole's account) of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. When the ex-queen was at Paris, it was noticed, among the other *bizarres* peculiarities of her dress and appearance—at her first interview, too, with Anne of Austria—that she had no gloves, and that her hands were too dirty for the original color to be other than matter for pure conjecture.

† "Othello." Act I. Sc. 2.

solved from by the settlement of the succession." In vain the states of the realm besought her, in general terms, to marry some one; and then, in particular, to take Charles Gustavus, her cousin; who is said to have acted throughout with the most consummate dexterity (he had been her playfellow in childhood, when she styled him her "little husband," and was the only suitor she appears to have any way cared for); with any other woman, it is thought, he must infallibly have succeeded. But Christina was like no other woman, nor wished to be, or be thought so. She named the prince as her successor; let him, and let her people, be content with her *thus* providing for the succession. Neither he nor her people, however, expressed content at any such arrangement. The prince has left an account of his interview with her on the subject: how she responded to his request for a "categorical" resolution in respect to the marriage, by stating what her anti-conjugal resolution was, explicitly enough: how they hereupon fell into sharp converse—he averring that he desired nothing but marriage; that if hope were bereft him, he would rather content himself with a piece of bread, and never see Sweden again; which her majesty (he continues) took ill, declaring that it was a *fánfaronade*, and a chapter out of a romance, etc., etc.\* The conference terminated by her "dismissing" him with the assurance—to check any further assurances of his—that it was quite honor enough for him to have been thought worthy of aspiring to the hand of so great a queen.

How many weeks there would have been to their honeymoon, had the match "come off," with a bride of her make and mettle, it were hard perhaps to say. The lady was preposterously unladylike in her manners and tastes. She could not endure the society of the gentle sex—one alone of whom, Ebba Sparre, *la belle comtesse*, seems to have been to her an object of something like attachment.† She

\* Geijer's History of the Swedes.

† Even from Ebba Sparre the queen parted without a tear, when leaving her kingdom. But equally tearless was her farewell of her poor, pining mother, who is described as "sick with grief, mortification, and incessant weeping." Christina corresponded, however, with Ebba from abroad, and even expressed some almost tender feelings regretful of a happier past than her restless present: "Am I still as dear to you as I was?" she asks. "Or have I deceived myself in fancying I was dearer to you than any one else? Oh, if it be so, do not undeece me, but leave me in the



put even men out of countenance by her eccentric and audacious talk—so France's *Grande Mademoiselle* tells us. She laughed boisterously, flung her legs like a thoroughbred Yankee over the arm of her chair, and swore like a trooper, nay, like a whole troop. When she came into the world, there was a goodly crop of hair covering her head, and so harsh and strong was the voice she raised on the threshold of life, that the national hope of a prince was believed to be accomplished, and indeed Gustavus Adolphus was apprised that it *was* a son. Christina delighted to be told that at her birth she had been mistaken for a boy. Her father gave her very much a boy's education, and she made the most of it. In no sense could she be called by Pope's phrase "a softer man;" nor did she at all approximate to the ideal description in which that phrase is employed:

"Heaven when it strives to polish all it can  
Its last, best work, but forms a softer man;  
Picks from each sex, to make the favorite  
blest,

Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest;  
Blends, in exception to all general rules,  
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools:  
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,  
Courage with softness, modesty with pride."\*

Rather she might have been apostrophized in modern verse, as one that

"—dost deny  
Thy woman's nature with a manly scorn,  
And break away the gauds and armlets worn  
By weaker women in captivity."†

If not typified by Butler's "Amazon triumphant," before whom there was "a petticoat displayed, and rampant"—to wit, "before the proud virago-minx, that was both madam, and a don."‡ Of what quality was the delicacy of her moral sense, one anecdote goes far to show. When Salmasius was at Stockholm, he was one day confined to his bed, by illness, and engaged in reading a now happily forgotten French book, of genuine French immorality, when the door opened, and Christina entered abruptly and unannounced. Monsieur Saumaise hastily thrust beneath the bed-clothes a book even *he* might well be ashamed to be caught reading—it was De Verville's *Moyen de Parvenir*—but not before Christina had seen what the sick sinner was about. Her majesty's eye, which nothing es-

happy delusion that I am beloved by the most amiable being in the world."

\* Pope's Moral Essays, Ep. II.

† E. Barrett Browning: Sonnets.

‡ "Hudibras." Part II. Canto II.

caped, had taken account of this confused and ill-covered retreat of the pernicious book (*perfactum quidem, at subturpiculum libellum*). She coolly withdrew the *libellum* from its temporary retreat, opened it, began to read, and smiled as she read; then called (*proh pudor!*) for her "maid of honor," the fair Ebba Sparre, and even compelled the reluctant girl to read aloud certain passages which her majesty pointed out, and which crimsoned the reader's cheeks and vexed her inmost spirit with shame and honest anger, while shouts of laughter from the listeners resounded to their disgrace.\* Salmasius was so indifferent a moral character, that one could willingly give Christina the benefit of a doubt originating in mistrust of his veracity—or charitably suppose he was in his anecdote when he told an anecdote so little to his own credit. But the story is not wanting in verisimilitude, be the veracity of Salmasius what it may. Christina was apt to set the *dulce et decorum* at defiance. If free from personal immorality, she was at least notoriously deficient in delicacy. True, she has been charged with immorality of the grossest kind. But it is easier to see how, in the case of such a woman, who, as Sainte-Beuve says, *affectait le genre et les qualités d'un homme*,† rumors of an injurious character might spring up and multiply, generated by scandal-makers and repeated (perhaps vouched for) by scandal-lovers, than to prove what would consign the reckless, wayward, most unconventional queen to a bad eminence of infamy. Flighty and whimsical she was, with a vengeance: our ears deceive us if that is not the buzzing of a big-sized bee in her bonnet. She *must* have been "cracked" surely, to be light-headed and wrong-headed to such a degree. At almost every fresh journey she took, and every new scheme she started, in her middle-age and decline, an observer might have called attention in the spirit and words of *Tranio*:—

"Hush, masters, here is some good pastime toward;  
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward."‡

What will the world say? was a query which, as a check, or curb, or restraining power, to reduce her "extravagant and erring

\* Huet had this story from the lips of Salmasius, and records it in his own memoirs.

† "Causeries du Lundi," t. v.

‡ "Taming of the Shrew." Act. I. Sc. 1.



spirit" within conventional bounds, was infinitely indifferent to Christina. She cared next to nothing, perhaps less than nothing, for what the world would say, in that sense. But, on the other hand, What will the world say? considered in the light of eager wonderment and rapt curiosity—this was a motive power of no feeble range, prompting her majesty to be eccentric, if only now to see what the world really *would* say. Nothing that the world would, could, or might say, was available to deter the queen of Sweden from following her own devious will. But it would have mightily vexed her, when she abdicated the throne, had the world said—nothing. She might despise its verdict, but she must needs keep herself before it, on the front of its stage, and close to the footlights. The world's a stage, and all its men and women merely players, and one man in his life plays many parts, and this woman a great many, and queer ones—in comedy, tragedy, domestic drama, melodrama, burlesque, interlude, and broad farce.

The stage plays and lyrical ballets got up by her at Stockholm, became stale after a while. Having found, it has been remarked, that to enact for a night the written drama only brought satiety after it, she resolved "to treat the world to a real drama, which should not only dazzle and confound the present, but all future generations." Voltaire fully appreciates the act and motive of abdication. It is shameful, he protests, in Protestant writers, to be so audacious as to assert, without the slightest proof, that she only resigned her crown because she could no longer keep it. She was but twenty-seven at the time; and had formed the design of abdicating seven years before, and for seven years had been maturing her resolution. "This resolution, so superior to vulgar conceptions, and pondered for so considerable a time, ought to shut the mouth of those who charge her with levity, and yet represent her abdication as an involuntary act. The two imputations, it is true, are mutually contradictory; but what is great will and must forever be liable to attacks from the little-minded."\* About six weeks after our ambassador, the learned and well-mannered Whitelocke, whose social urbanity and "dry humor" pleased the queen, had arrived in Sweden, he was astounded by an intimation from her, quite *sub rosa*, how-

\* Voltaire: "Siècle de Louis XIV.," ch. vi.

ever, that she "had it in her thoughts and resolution to quit the crown of Sweden, and to retire herself into a private life, as much more suitable to her contentment than the great cares and troubles attending upon the government of her kingdom."\* Whitelocke sought to dissuade a brilliant sovereign of seven-and-twenty from so abrupt a descent; and plied her with arguments moral and utilitarian, *ad fœminam* and *ad reginam*, for renouncing the strange project. He warned her that she might even come to want—at least to be straitened as to the necessary supplies for herself and her household. But she told him she wanted nothing but a lacquey and a chambermaid; and as for the world, it might say its say, and wag (its old head) as it liked. Whitelocke was present when Christina announced her intentions to the estates of the realm, and received the remonstrances of nobility, clergy, and people. His account of the scene is graphic—especially that of the closing appeal made to her majesty by the spokesman of the Boors. "In the last place stepped forth the marshal of the Boors, a plain country fellow, in his clouted shoes, and all other habits answerable, as all the rest of his company were accoutred. This Boor, without any congees or ceremony at all, spake to her majesty, and was interpreted to Whitelocke to be after this phrase:—

"O Lord God, madam! what do you mean to do? It troubles us to hear you speak of forsaking those that love you so well as we do. Can you be better than you are? You are queen of all these countries, and if you leave this large kingdom, when will you get such another? If you should do it (as I hope you won't for all this), both you and we shall have cause, when it is too late, to be sorry for it. Therefore my fellows and I pray you to think better on't, and to keep your crown on your head; then you will keep your own honor and our peace; but, if you lay it down, in my conscience, you will endanger all. Continue in your years, good madam, and be the fore-horse as long as you live, and we will help you the best we can to bear your burden.

"Your father was an honest gentleman and a good king, and very stirring in the world; we obeyed him and loved him as long as he lived; and you are his own child, and have governed us very well, and we love you with all our hearts; and the prince [her cousin, rejected suitor, and heir-apparent] is

\* Whitelocke's Journal of the Swedish Embassy in 1653 and 1654.

an honest gentleman, and when his time comes we shall be ready to do our duty to him as we do to you; but as long as you live we are not willing to part with you, and therefore I pray, madam, do not part with us.'

"When the Boor had ended his speech, he waddled up to the queen without any ceremony, took her by the hand and shook it heartily, and kissed it two or three times; then, turning his back to her, he pulled out of his pocket a foul handkerchief and wiped the tears from his eyes, and in the same posture as he came up he returned to his own place again."\*

We have seen what Bulstrode Whitlocke's contemporary, and Cromwellian coadjutor in office, the great John Milton had said—that Christina might, if such was the fatality of the Swedish nation, abdicate the sovereignty, but that she could never lay aside the queen; for her reign had proved her fitness to govern, not only Sweden, but the world.† Critics there have been who insisted that Milton, even in his immortal verse, had Christina in his mind's eye when he wrote the lines:—

"To give a kingdom hath been thought  
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.  
Riches are needless then, etc."‡

Mr. Landor pronounces it wonderful that any critic should be so stupid as a dozen or two of them have proved, in applying these verses to Christina of Sweden. Whether Milton had written this before or after the abdication of Richard Cromwell, they are equally applicable to him: he *did* retire not only from sovereignty but from riches. Whereas Christina took with her to Rome prodigious wealth, and impoverished Sweden by the pension she exacted.§ Her popularity ceased with the proofs she then gave of inordinate rapacity. Indeed, the popular indignation, and even alarm, became so great at seeing the immense property she was carrying out of the kingdom in jewels, gold and silver, "to the amount of some millions of crowns," that it appears "serious thoughts were entertained of arresting her, and forcing her either to reside in the kingdom, or to give up the pension assigned to her, and the rich treasures she was

carrying off."\* This caused her to change her route; nor did she breathe freely—hardly, as the saying is, took breath at all—until she had safely transported herself, bag and baggage, beyond the frontiers of her sometime kingdom.

Addison, in one of his anti-Jacobite pamphlets, admonishing England of the evils that would result from popery on the throne, appeals to the history of Sweden, as "the only Protestant kingdom in Europe besides this of Great Britain, which has had the misfortune to see popish princes upon the throne;" citing the case of Sigismund, who was deposed; and then adding: "the famous Queen Christina, daughter to the great Gustavus, was so sensible of those troubles which would accrue both to herself and her people, should she avow the Roman Catholic religion while she was upon the throne of Sweden, that she did not make an open profession of that faith till she resigned her crown, and was actually upon her journey to Rome."† She went to mass, however, before abdication, and made but little disguise of her sentiments. What those sentiments really were, is not an easily answered question. The Protestant, says Voltaire (*more suo*, hitting both ways), have aspersed her character, as if it were impossible for a person to be possessed of great virtues without adhering to the religion of Luther; while the papists have triumphed too much on the "pretended conversion of a woman who was no more than a philosopher."‡ In

\* Geijer says that, from the time of her announced intention to abdicate, "the remainder of her reign was spent as if to prevent all chance of her being regretted." One of Geijer's English reviewers comments sharply on her outrages on all decency, contempt of the national religion, etc.—her carousing with new favorites until long after midnight, and her shameless prodigality; all which were regarded with disgust by every honest Swede. "From this time," says Geijer, "dates the ruin of pure and decorous morals. Youth began to take precedence of its elders unabashed; and the fear of God was treated with equal levity. One and the other scoffed at the divine service, acting as if they only resorted thither for appearance' sake; and so the queen herself did at last."—*Geijer's History of the Swedes*.

But dancers, singers, and actors were in high esteem. If they were rewarded, her domestic servants were neglected: on two occasions, to the very great horror of a hospitable people, her very kitchen was closed for want of money and credit. There was assuredly no regret in Sweden when, on the 6th day of June, 1654, Christina, then in her twenty-seventh year only, executed her project of abdication, and in two or three days afterwards left the kingdom.—*Athenæum*, 1844.

† The Freeholder, No. XLIV. (1716).

‡ Voltaire: *Vie de Charles XII.*

\* Whitlocke's Journal of the Swedish Embassy in 1653 and 1654.

† Milton's Second Defence of the People of England.

‡ "Paradise Regained." Book II.

§ Landor's Imaginary Conversations.

another of his histories the same author—so much fonder of Christina than of Christianity—asserts, that though she quitted Lutheranism for Romanism, she was indifferent to them both, and only became a Romanist because, meaning to reside at Rome, it was convenient to do as Rome does.\*

Let us not think (urges Ranke) to ask what were her arguments and proofs. She often declared that she discovered no essential error of doctrine in Protestantism. But as her disinclination for that creed sprang from an original feeling which was not now to be overcome, and which circumstances but made more intense, so did she rush towards Romanism with an equally inexplicable inclination and entire sympathy. She was nine years old when she first received any precise account of this religion, and it was told her, among other things, that in the Catholic communion the unmarried state was considered honorable. "Oh!" she cried, "how fine that is! that is the religion for me." The mere fact of Protestantism being, by the constitution of Sweden, compulsory upon her, was calculated to make it her aversion. But she felt her way, and moved warily, and step by step, in renouncing it. It is at least certain, Ranke † concludes, that, in her desire of approximating to the court of Rome, Christina had recourse to that mystery and craft which are commonly displayed only in the concerns of passion or ambition; she engaged, as it were, in an intrigue to become a Catholic. "In this she showed herself wholly a woman." Of that type, we suppose Ranke to mean, which, in popish parlance, would rather not take tea even without a stratagem.

Some writers will have it that Christina was an out-and-out infidel. There is indeed good reason for believing, Dr. Miller (a temperate inquirer) is of opinion, that she had learned to be so indifferent to revealed religion as to have consulted, in the act of Romanizing, merely her worldly convenience. Ranke's account is, that, thanks to the unsettling conversation of Isaac Vossius and others, the young queen had gradually fallen into incurable doubts: it seemed to her that all positive religions were inventions of men, that every argument was of equal force against them all indiscriminately, and that it was in the end a matter of indifference which of them was

embraced. "With all this, however, she never went the length of absolute irreligion; some convictions she still retained, that were not to be shaken: in her royal solitude of a throne, she could not forego the idea of God." To a sceptic of this temperament, the theory of "rest in the Church," the Church which claims infallibility for its head, would be theoretically attractive, and was found practically convenient. There have been many such sceptics since her time, who have resolved their doubts in the same way; with what amount of inward satisfaction, and ultimate repose, it is not for us, *ab extrâ*, to pronounce.

Her throne abdicated, and her religion renounced, now began Christina's vagrant achievements, in that eccentric orbit of hers, which kept the eyes of puzzled Europe upon her, as upon any other comet in the cometary system, terrestrial or celestial. Now she drew attention by a public entrance into Rome, in Amazonian attire—now by her freaks at Fontainebleau—now by squabbling with the pope—now by the assassination of Monaldeschi. This last black business has never been completely explained; a certain mystery still shrouds the face of it, like that metal mystery on the face of the Man in the Iron Mask. What had Monaldeschi done to induce a revenge so ruthless, so inexorable? It seemed as if,

"Had all his hairs been lives, her great revenge  
Had stomach for them all." \*

There are features in her character which answer to several in Pope's blackened portraiture of "Atossa"—

"Who with herself, or others, from her birth  
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth"—  
not forgetting this couplet,

"From loveless youth to unrespected age,  
No passion gratified, except her rage:—"  
but especially, and on Monaldeschi's account, the next:—

"Who breaks with her provokes revenge from  
hell,  
But he's a bolder man who dares be well." †

Had Monaldeschi been too "well" with her, and transgressed clause the third of the triple injunction, Be bold: be bold: be not too bold? It was in the Gallery of the Stags, at Fontainebleau, that the bloody deed was perpetrated. The fault which drew down upon her secretary these sanguinary reprisals, and

\* Siècle de Louis XIV., ch. vi.

† History of the Popes. Book VIII.

\* Othello, V. 2.

† Pope: "Moral Essays," Ep. II.

upon her "the deep damnation of his taking off," is supposed by some to have been, what Mr. James (for instance) in his *Life of Louis XIV.* calls "some treacherous indiscretion" on Monaldeschi's part, "regarding the intrigues of his depraved mistress, either with himself or with Sentinelli, brother of her captain of the guard." At any rate, whatever the cause, which is obscure, the effect is patent enough. His letters were stopped—to use the same author's account of the transaction—and, furnished with proofs of his fault, Christina sent for a priest named Father Mathurin, and having caused Monaldeschi to be brought into her presence, she accused him of treason, and ordered him to prepare for death by confession to the priest. "The unhappy man prayed for his life in vain, and refused to confess to the priest whom she had sent to witness the horrid act. In order to compel him to confess, she ordered the captain of the guard to wound him before he killed him, which he accordingly did, after he and the priest had both carried Monaldeschi's petition for life to the libertine but inexorable woman, who had prepared every thing for putting him to death. The unhappy man then confessed; and while Christina, in a chamber within hearing, remained, laughing and talking and ridiculing her attendant's cowardice, the captain of the guard performed his bloody task, running his sword through the throat of Monaldeschi, who wore a concealed coat of mail, and drawing it backwards and forwards until he was dead." \* According to some writers, Monaldeschi, incredulous of the queen's real intent to make away with him, refused to confess himself until she coolly said, by way of convincing him, "Give him a stab to let him see I am in earnest"—and that he received one such "stab," and then another, before he resorted to that *dernier ressort*, the father confessor. That day made memorable with blood-stains (like the Rizzio chamber in Holyrood House) the Fontainebleau

"Galerie where fierce Christina"

(in Dr. Croly's lines)

"Minced Monsieur Monaldeschi for his treason—

(*Id est*, for telling stories of Regina,—

Queen-gossip being *always* out of season,)

So three assassins brought him to his reason." †

\* James' *Life and Times of Louis XIV.*, ch. xvi.

† "The Modern Orlando," Canto III.

An ugly impression that Gallery-of-Stage business left on the minds of men. The French court naturally desired to get rid of the seeming mad-woman. Mazarin wrote to remonstrate. Upon him the queen turned sharp round, telling him to mind his own business—if we may suppose the letter to be genuine—and desiring that neither he, nor the "proud young prince his master" should presume to express disapproval of any act of hers. She would have all and sundry to know, servants and masters, little and great, that to do what she had done was her royal will and pleasure, and that Christina was and would be queen wherever she went. "Believe me, Julius," thus the epistle concludes, "you will be wise to conduct yourself so as to merit my good opinion. This is what you ought to make a study of. God preserve you from ever presuming to drop an indiscreet remark about my person or my good fame. Though I be half the world off at the time, be sure I shall hear of it. In my service are friends and courtiers quite as clever and as vigilant as any of your spies, though with rather better principles." For months she continued at Fontainebleau, as though to brave public opinion and the wishes of the court. She played the despot in yet braver style than the Cæsar in Ben Jonson, whose maxim is, that—

"Princes have still their grounds rear'd with themselves,

Above the poor low flats of common men;

And who will search the reason of their acts,

Must stand on equal bases." \*

Whereas, Christina seems to have refused the right of those who stood on equal bases, and higher,—as much higher as King of France towers above ex-queen of Sweden,—to "meddle or make" with *her*. Voltaire himself finds the Monaldeschi affair unpleasant for Christina's philosophic reputation, and political justice. Whatever fault the Marquis might have been guilty of, Christina really ought, the patriarch of Ferney must say, to have asked for justice to be done upon him, and not have done it herself, seeing she had renounced royalty. "It was not a queen punishing a subject; it was a woman who finished off an affair of gallantry by murder." No one, apophthegmatically adds Voltaire, ought to be put to death but by law. Christina, in Sweden, would not have had the right of assassinating any one; and surely what would

\* "Sejanus," Act I. Sc. 2.



have been a crime at Stockholm was not allowable at Fontainebleau. "Those who have justified this action deserve similar masters. The disgrace and cruelty of this deed were a blot upon the philosophy which had moved Christina to abdicate. She would have been punished for it in England, and in any other country where law is supreme: but France shut her eyes on this attack upon the authority of the king, the right of nations, and humanity itself." \* For

"—oh, far be it from the innocence  
Of a just man, to give a traitor death  
Without a trial!" †—

as *Leucippus* says in Beaumont and Fletcher—in a tragedy which possibly contains a hint of Monaldeschi's character as some would interpret it; *videlicet*—

"This is one  
Of her ferrets that she bolts business out  
Withal; this fellow, if he were well ript,  
Has all the linings of a knave within him;" ‡  
that is, supposing the Marquis to have played the knave for her and by her, in the correspondence he carried on—tampering with state-secrets, or boudoir-secrets, or whatever else the secrets might be which had to do with the murder. Or again—supposing him to have been the victim of jealousy, or some

\* Voltaire: "Siècle de Louis XIV."

In the later editions of this work, Voltaire refers, with every mark of exasperation, to the notes ("equally scandalous as false") of "a certain La Beaumelle," who printed the *Siècle de Louis XIV.* at Frankfort, with original notes of the kind just mentioned; and who, on the subject of the Gallery of Stags, made bold to affirm, that Christina was perfectly in the right when she caused Monaldeschi to be assassinated, because she was not travelling incognito; adding, that Peter the Great once entered a coffee-house in London, foaming with fury, because, said he, one of his generals had told him a lie—for which he, the czar, had been tempted to cut him in two with one stroke of his sabre; whereupon a London merchant remarked to the czar, that *had* he executed the proposed sabre-cut with effect, his majesty would have found his way to an English gibbet.

Thus far La Beaumelle. Voltaire loses all patience with such stuff. Can any one imagine, he asks, the Czar Peter walking into a coffee-house, and proceeding to inform the company that one of his generals had been telling him lies? Or, is it a custom now-a-days to cut a man in two at one sabre-cut? Voltaire would like to know, moreover, in what language Peter, who knew no English, poured forth his wrongs into the ear of the English merchant? And then, after all, how does this Frankfort note-maker make out his case of justification for Christina, who assassinated an Italian at Fontainebleau, by the discovery that Peter the Great would have been hung by the neck at London?

† "Cupid's Revenge," V. 1.

‡ *Ibid.*, Act III. Sc. 1.

such personal feeling, as the School for Scandal takes for granted, not being able to prove; then too, and once more, will the same tragedy supply us with a fragment applicable (with a difference) to the event, as regarded by any other gentleman in her suite who had already stood, or might one day hope or fear to stand, in the dead man's shoes:—

"This, gentlemen, is a strange piece of justice,  
To put the wretched man to death because  
She doated on him; is she not a woman,  
And subject to those mad vagaries her whole  
Sex is infected with? Had she loved you, or  
you,  
Or I, or all on's (as indeed the more  
The merrier still with them), must we therefore

Have our heads pared with a hatchet?" \*

Or, finally to find a tragical quotation for either hypothesis—suppose after all that Monaldeschi was innocent, and done to death without provoking it by will or deed of his—then wrest we to the purpose a morsel from Shakespeare again, where the passionate serpent of old Nile, as her Antony loved to call her, commits assault and battery on the messenger, and will not be reasoned with or restrained:—

"Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long. [*Draws a dagger.*]

Mess. . . . What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt." †

To which category, if innocent, the Italian marquis had the misfortune to belong; the thunderbolt coming down upon him "with a vengeance," in the Gallery of Stags.

No wonder that people in France ceased to laugh and talk lightly and in gamesome mood about Christina, from that day forwards. They had had their laugh, however, and a long one and a loud, some time before, when her face, figure, gestures, dress, manners, whim-whams and crotchets extraordinary had been the talk of Paris at large. A wonderful production she was of nature and art, says Ranke; who describes her early in her teens as "a young lady free from all personal vanity." She never sought, he continues, "to hide from herself that she had one shoulder higher than the other. She was told that her greatest beauty consisted in her luxuriant

\* *Cupid's Revenge*, II. 1.

† "Antony and Cleopatra," Act II. Sc. 5.



hair, yet she did not even devote the most ordinary attention to it; she was a stranger to all the petty cares of life; never troubled herself about her table, never complained of any food set before her, and drank nothing but water.\* The hair of which she took so little heed was a profuse crop, light brown in color; to comb it once a week was the utmost Christina could think of doing—once a fortnight was sometimes her practice, and, by her theory, quite often enough too. A man's fur cap was her favorite headdress, in early life; till the time came for her to wear a wig. Of her looks and apparel we get glimpses from various quarters. Just after her abdication, for instance, another ex-queen (but an involuntary one), Elizabeth of Bohemia, meets her at Antwerp, and thus writes of her: "I saw the queen of Sweden at the play; she is extravagant in her fashion and apparel; but she has a good, well-favored face, and a mild expression." La Grande Mademoiselle, again, thus describes her some three years later, on her first visit to France: "I had heard so much of her whimsicalities, that I feared I should have laughed in her face; but though she astonished me beyond measure, it was not so as to provoke a smile. She was of a small, slight figure, a little deformed, with light eyes, an aquiline nose, fine teeth, and a very expressive countenance. Her dress was a short, gray petticoat, laced with gold and

\* Ranke's History of the Popes. Book VIII.

It is said that the queen-mother would not permit Christina to drink water. Now this was the very way to make Christina a confirmed water-drinker; just as the compelling her to be a Protestant, was the giving her an irresistible liking for Rome. Christina tells us, in her autobiography, that, having a strong dislike to wine and beer, she often suffered from excessive thirst; and that one day she stole the rose-water from her mother's toilet, and was severely punished for the theft. That made her a water-drinker for life.

Her practical adoption of the Pindaric principle, ἀπορρὸν μὲν ὕδωρ, was highly noteworthy in a country where hard-drinking was so much in vogue. At her father's wedding, one hundred and seventy-seven awms of Rhine wine were drunk, and one hundred and forty-four tuns of beer, exclusive of other wines and spirits. It had been well if Christina could have equally distinguished herself from her subjects, by a corresponding abstinence from profane swearing. But there she beat her subjects hollow. Swear she did to the last, never mind what was her company. Bishop Burnet was with her at Rome, in 1687; and one of her remarks to him was: "Providence had need have a special care of this Holy See of ours; for since I have lived here, I have seen four popes, and (with an oath) all fools and blockheads." There was no stint of these italicized parentheses in the old lady's personal talk.

silver; a flame-colored doublet, also laced with gold; a lace cravat; and a black hat, with a plume of feathers." Mdlle. de Montpensier further details the ex-queen's prowess in profane swearing, her habit of lying at full length in her chair, and throwing her legs across the arms of it, and altogether assuming such anomalous attitudes as the Daughter of Orleans "never saw but in men like Trevelin and Jodelet, who are a couple of buffoons, the first Italian, the other French." The Duke of Guise's description tallies pretty well with the foregoing—and the duke had good opportunities of observing her, and a special interest in doing so, as to him was delegated the honor of receiving Christina on her first visit to France—but he seems to have been more than commonly struck with the look of her headdress: "It is a man's wig, very thick and much turned up on the forehead, very thick at the sides, and below thin and pointed: the top of the head is a tissue of hair, and the back has something of the headdress of a woman." Sometimes she wears a hat, the duke adds; and he "makes remarks," too, in a man-millinery spirit, on her bodice, which positively "is almost made like our pourpoints," and even on her shift, which, by his account, surged irregularly above her petticoat, and was very badly fastened up. Other items in his indictment are, that she was always very much powdered, with cartloads of pomatum; that she never wore gloves; that she sometimes wore a sword and a buff jerkin; that she was shod like a man; and, *jam satis*, that she had a man's voice and a man's tone. Altogether, one might surmise, considerably more of a man than this her critical expositor, the Duke of Guise.

Christina's demeanor at Rome was somewhat of a scandal to the faithful. She was salamander enough to live and flourish in the heat of continual contention; and enjoyed keeping other principalities and powers in hot water. The old song may say that

"The pope he leads a happy life;"

but the old songster would not have said so, had he been at Rome in Christina's time. The feud between the pontiff and her became almost a Capulet and Montague affair—his retainers and hers meeting and scuffling in the public streets, and frightening the Eternal City from its propriety. His holiness came to regard her with a sort of distressed despair. He might have expressed his feelings in the

nervous style of Shakspeare's *Benedick*: "She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. . . . She would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Atè in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary. . . . so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her."\* This he might have said. Probably he *did* say, in effect, That old woman will be the death of me. But misunderstandings with the pope apart, her residence at Rome was otherwise notable on literary, scientific, and artistic grounds. She became renowned there for her fine taste in, and costly collections of, articles of *virtù*. She surpassed the native families, we are assured, and elevated connoisseurship from the province of mere curiosity to a higher importance with regard to learning and art. "Men like Spanheim and Havercamp have thought it worth their while to illustrate her coins and medals, and Sante Bartolo devoted his practised hand to her engraved gems. The Corregios of her collection have always been the brightest ornaments of the galleries into which time and chance may have carried them. The MSS. of her library have contributed in no small degree to uphold the fame of the Vatican, in which they were included at a late period."† Macaulay has made lively reference

\* "Much Ado about Nothing," Act II. Sc. 1.

† Ranke.

to Christina's doings at Rome. "After long wanderings, in the course of which she had committed many follies and crimes, she had finally taken up her abode at Rome, where she busied herself with astrological calculations and with the intrigues of the conclave, and amused herself with pictures, gems, manuscripts, and medals. She now\* composed some Italian stanzas in honor of the English prince,† who, sprung, like herself, from a race of kings heretofore regarded as the champions of the Reformation, had, like herself, been reconciled to the ancient church. A splendid assembly met in her palace. Her verses, set to music, were sung with universal applause: and one of her literary dependents pronounced an oration on the subject in a style so florid that it seems to have offended the taste of the English hearers.‡

She was now growing old, and her time for leaving this troublesome world was nigh at hand. She professes to have had an extreme horror of old age, but none whatever of death. Could she choose between the two, unhesitatingly she would prefer death. One of her maxims—La Rochefoucauld had set all the world maxim-making—is: "We grow old more through indolence than through age."§ If this be so, Christina can hardly be reckoned elderly even, when she departed this life, in the sixty-fourth year of her existence, and the world's year of grace 1689.

\* The historian is referring to Castlemaine's embassy to Rome in 1687.

† James II.

‡ Macaulay's History of England, vol. ii. ch. vii.

§ Variations and expansions of this maxim are to be found in more than one author since Christina's time; and possibly before it.

**OPTICAL TELEGRAPH.**—A new system of optical telegraph between America and England has been recently proposed. A steamer leaving New York on Wednesday would arrive opposite Cape Race on the following Sunday, and would receive a summary of the news up to Sunday from New York by means of signals from the lighthouse. On the following Friday, arrived off Cape Clear, she would signal in her turn to the lighthouse at the capo the news that she had

received from Cape Race, for transmission to Liverpool and the whole of Europe. By means of this method of communication the news from New York would arrive at Liverpool only five days old. The optical apparatus consists of five lights, arranged in the form of a cross, and concentrated by powerful lenses, which would render them visible at night to distances of from four to nine miles. By day, the lights would be replaced by flags.

## PART II.

## CHAPTER VII.—THE TWO COMPANIONS.

JAMES hastened out of the house, by a back entrance. He crossed the little bridge that separated Sir Alfred's demesne from Colonel Digby's, and turned into the walk we have so often noticed by the river side. Under the tree where Charles St. Laurence and Caroline had parted so many years ago, he sat. The moon was shining brightly, as he drew the fatal parcel from his pocket and untied the cord. He took out the dagger and carefully examined it. "Ah! this has been cleaned. How did she get it? Could she have found it? No matter; it answers my purpose." He wrapt it carefully up, tied the cord, and put it into his breast. He sat musing for a moment. "I must have another hand," he said; "but who?—who? Tom Scott; ay, Tom is the very man." Then he sprang up and, walking very fast, crossed the bridge again, and left his master's demesne by a gate which led to a road over a steep hill. This was a beautiful road, shaded at both sides by trees. It wound round to the back of the hill, the aspect of which presented a contrast to the side he had just left. It was perfectly barren; a bare plain or valley lay between this and another hill, or rather mountain, beyond. This valley was quite secluded. Neither house nor cabin could be seen for miles around. James struck off the main road into a narrow path that lay between two fields. He followed this path till he came to a miserable hovel, so wretched that, from the outward appearance, no one could imagine it to be the habitation of a living being. With his stick he knocked twice at the door; he bent down to discover whether his summons had been heard, but his inspection seemed to be unsatisfactory, for with a muttered curse, he gave a low whistle and was preparing to leave when his attention was arrested by a movement within. A voice demands in a surly tone—

"Who is there?"

"A friend," was the laconic reply, when a bolt was withdrawn, and James entered with a coarse invective. He asked why he had been kept so long at the door, and then followed his companion through a narrow, dark passage into a low-roofed apartment, which, though there was no candle, was brightened by the light of a fire that burned on the

hearth. The floor was earthen; a wooden table was in the centre of the room, between which and the hearth was a low stool. A box at the further end completed the furniture of the apartment.

"You have a smell here that might feast the fairies," remarked James, as he followed his friend into the room. His host, with a grim laugh and a nod, pointed to the box which he meant James to draw over to the fire and use as a seat. Tom Scott, for he it is whom we are now introducing to our readers, had a short, thick-set figure. His head was large, with a quantity of red hair and whiskers; and he had a sharp, cunning eye, which he had a peculiar habit of winking. His countenance was otherwise heavy, though with a dash of cunning. He drew the single stool that the room afforded towards the fire, and resumed the process of cooking which had been interrupted by the knock.

"What in the name of goodness have you there? You feast in royal style," said James, as he looked over his friend's shoulder.

"Ay, time for me," said Tom. "I have had to do with small fry long enough."

"If every one had their own," said James, "who would that deer call master?"

"Colonel Digby is my game-keeper; but I save him the trouble of killing the game for me," with a low chuckle, was the reply.

"Faith you earn your bread easier than honest folk. How many of these do you get in the month?" said James.

"Why, man, such high-flying game is not so easy got as that. It is six years and more since I got one of these deer before. I remember that night well."

"Why, was the pitcher near being broke then? You have gone to the well long enough. Your time will soon come round."

"Not the least fear," said Tom. "No; I was safe enough; but faith I *did* get a fright, though others fared worse nor me."

"Did you take old Sam with you?"

"Not I. Come, draw over to the table and take some of this; or, perhaps, you would not like to touch what is not got honestly?" said Tom, with a sneer.

"I am not so particular as that, when a friend asks," said James, drawing his seat forward. His host placed a large bottle on the table, the fragrance of which filled the room. After helping his friend and himself to his satisfaction, he resumed his seat, and

said:—"Old Sam, indeed! Do you think that I am mad, to let that old fool know my concerns, or where I deal for my marketing? Not I, indeed! Why, don't you remember Michaelmas six years? I forgot—you were abroad. It was the night Colonel Digby's nephew was killed."

"Bless my soul! Do you know any thing about *him*?" said James, hardly concealing his intense curiosity.

Tom nodded his head and winked; "I know what I know."

"Oh, ay, *you* know every thing, and things that never happened."

"Things that never happened, indeed. Ay, but *one* thing that did happen."

"Tell me what it was; you say he was killed. How, and by whom?" said James.

"You are going to hear all about it, are you? I never tell tales out of school."

"I would not care if all the Digbys were hanged or drowned. I hate the whole lot and stock of them," said James.

"No, no," answered his companion; "I say nothing. A wise man never found a dead man."

James perceived that Tom really did know more than at first he gave him credit for, and he hoped to draw out his knowledge. It might be of infinite use to him; but he saw the moment was not yet come. He was too clever to impart an important secret without some very considerable inducement, at least while he was sober. His hopes lay in the bottle before them. He determined himself to take as little of the contents as he could, without raising the suspicion of his companion, and thought that when his friend became exhilarated he might also become communicative. With this prospect he determined to betray no curiosity on the subject of his story.

"How do you like playing second fiddle at your place up there," said Tom, laughing, "since you got a lady at the head of the house?"

"Don't talk of her. I hate her like poison," said James, sulkily.

"Likely enough. A spirited bit of goods she is, and can be in a passion; ay, and worse nor that," answered his companion, mysteriously.

"What do you know of her? Did you ever speak two words to her in your life?"

"Ay, did I, and there's a secret that none

but she and I know," answered Tom, winking one eye, and grinning like a demon.

James' curiosity was almost breaking all bounds; but with a wonderful effort he controlled himself. He thought Tom had nearly arrived at that state of intoxication in which he would communicate freely, if he thought that he was really indifferent about it, and would be tempted to tell his own story for the purpose of exciting his friend's interest and astonishment at his boasted knowledge. James seeing the time was ripe wished to strike while the iron was hot; and knowing exactly his companion's state, he rose as if about to leave.

"Good-night, Tom," he said. "I must be off."

"Not going yet?" said his companion. "Why, it is only now I am getting jolly. Sit down there, and I will tell you something about that mistress of yours that you are so fond of, which will make you love her more."

"Nonsense, man, you know nothing about her; I tell you I hate her."

"Don't I, though? Ay, ay, I know more than you or any one else; sit down there, and have another glass, and I'll tell you what'll make your hair stand on end." So saying, he filled James' glass and his own, and proceeded, with a consequential, mysterious air.

"Well, my lad, on that same Michaelmas night I was pretty hard up; business had been slack, as it always is in the summer time. I set out about seven o'clock in the evening to follow my trade. I had good sport, and was lurking about for the night to close in before I could leave Colonel Digby's demesne, when I was startled by the sound of voices near. Afraid the speakers might see me I crept low under the bushes, close to where they were standing. I could not see who they were; but from the sound of the voices I knew it was a man and woman. They seemed to be quarrelling. I tried to hear what they were saying, but I could not; till just as they were parting I heard the woman say, 'You are not the first man that feared a woman, and you will have cause to tremble before me; you are a curse to me.'"

"What?" cried James, starting and leaning eagerly forward; "did you see who said it?"

"Stop, will you? and let me tell my story my own way.

"I raised up a bit to see who she was; the



man's back was to me; but I saw the regimentals and knew the fellow's cut; it was the captain, and the woman was no one else but Miss Digby, your present mistress. Faith, she did look grand; every inch a queen. You would think her three feet taller, and her eyes glared like them coals there. I couldn't help admiring her, as she stood there defying him all by herself. He said something to her low, I couldn't hear, but she darted past him like lightning. I had a rare chance of being caught; but she was not thinking of the like of me, nor of any thing good, I suspect. I had to leave the deer hid under the bushes, and cut for my life, as I feared to fall into St. Laurence's hands, who might be lurking about there half the night for aught I knew."

"Go on," said James, with undisguised interest.

"Give us the bottle, then," said his companion, continuing his narrative.

"The next night I had to go look after the game I had hid, but waited till near ten o'clock, as there was such a fuss and search all day after Captain St. Laurence, who was missing. I got into the place well enough, and close up to where I put the deer, when—the Lord save me! I never got such a fright—there, right before me, was a white figure, leaning against a tree. I thought it was the captain's ghost, and I could not stir with terror when it turned the head towards me, like as if it heard me breathe, and who was it but Miss Digby. I don't know which I would have been the most frightened at seeing—the captain's ghost or her, there all alone at that time of night. How long she had been there, or what brought her there at that hour, I do not know. She seemed to expect somebody, for she turned round and looked at me, that's certain. She flew like a startled hare as I moved; I was not the one she was waiting for."

"Is that all?" said James. "Have you finished your story?"

"All? Faith, I think I have told you a good one; what more do you want?"

James stood up, and buttoning his coat, he turned towards his friend, and said, "Oh, it is all very wonderful; do you think I believe one word of it, from beginning to end?"

"Believe it?" cried out Tom, rising with excitement. "Why, man, do you think I have been telling you lies? I would take my oath

of every word I said; it is as true as you stand there."

"Your oath! Oh, then, why didn't you when there was such a reward offered?"

"Ay, a reward offered for what? Not for all I seen of the murderess; and sure you don't think a slip of a girl like that could murder a man."

"Not herself, certainly; but there is such a thing as paying another for doing it."

"You don't think that I was such a fool as not to think of that? Many is the hour I thought how I could get that same reward; I inquired and set a lot of our men to try and trace another in the business, but never could. That she had a hand in it I could swear; but again, who could the other be? I never missed a fellow out of this since; and who was to believe my word if I did inform on all I knew? No," he said, with a low whistle, "the tables might be turned; for what business brought me into Colonel Digby's that hour of the night? A poor fellow must live, and so I dropped it; and you are the first I ever told it to."

"Now, Tom, would you swear it, if there was another that could side with you in it?"

"I could swear it; but I don't want to swear away a woman's life that never did any harm, and, I confess, I like the girl's spirit."

"No; but perhaps, if you get the reward, or the half of it—eh?"

"I should be sure of that. There is no doubt charity begins at home; and, though I do like a spirited girl, it was cruel of her to get this poor fellow murdered, after all. Do you know any thing about it, as you say that? Indeed, I might have guessed you had something to say to me, as you never come to see a poor fellow like me unless you have a dirty job on hands."

"Not at all; it is a long time since I saw you; and on such a fine evening I took the opportunity. I have nothing particular to say; but I'll think on what you have told me; it is a most extraordinary story. Good-night, Tom, and thank you."

So saying, he left the cabin. He had come there determining to get Tom Scott's assistance; but how had chance favored him, though he had affected incredulity? When he heard Tom's story, he was certain every word that he said was true; but his own plans were not matured enough for him to impart



them to his friend. He had no intention of taking any mortal into his confidence; he trusted too much to his own judgment and discrimination; he was one who knew exactly his own capabilities; it was necessary that he should have Tom's assistance, but only as a blind instrument in the carrying out of his plot.

On leaving the cottage he walked hastily home, absorbed in deep thought.

"What the deuce brought her there the second time? Tom said, to meet some one—could it have been himself? Pooh! Nonsense. Every word the fellow said is true—true as gospel; but she did want to meet somebody, no doubt." And so he meditated, stopping occasionally, pressing his hand to his lip as a particular thought seemed to puzzle him, and then, being satisfied with his solution, hasten on again. He arrived home very late, and, raising the latch, he quietly entered, without one twinge of remorse at his diabolical plans. There was but one thought in his mind, one hope in his heart—revenge, bitter, black revenge; he would sell his soul, body, all he possessed, to be revenged.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—AN ARREST.

A FEW evenings after the events recorded in the last chapter, Caroline had retired to her room earlier than usual, and had placed herself under the ministrations of Flora. Had she been less occupied with her own sorrowful thoughts, she would have perceived that her maid was bursting with some important news, and was only watching a favorable moment to communicate it. Still Flora had a certain misgiving about introducing this wonderful subject. She could make free with her mistress, more so, perhaps, than one could imagine a person of Caroline's naturally proud disposition would allow; but there were certain topics that she had been peremptorily silenced about. She had an instinctive feeling that the news she burned to communicate trenchanted on forbidden ground; but the innate desire to relate the marvellous overcame all scruples, and she ingeniously first introduced an irrelevant topic, or, perhaps, it would be better to say, "she beat about the bush."

"Do you think, my lady, Miss Julia will engage James' sister?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Caroline.

"I never saw a young lady so changed since

your marriage, my lady; she is so lively, in comparison to what she was; and so very attentive to the poor old master."

"Is she? Yes; I believe so."

"I hope Jane will suit her; she used to be a kind mistress; but *then*, indeed, she did not mind; she was easily pleased. I think she has got over *it* all; and it will be so dreadful now to rip up the whole business."

"Yes," said Caroline, absently.

"Only too dreadful; the poor thing, my heart bleeds for her."

Caroline had not been attending to a word she had said; and now she turned impatiently to her—

"Flora, I never heard you talk so much."

This remark silenced her for a moment or two; but despairing of there being any chance that her mistress would be less abstracted, she lost all patience, and after sundry ineffectual harsher brushings of her long hair, she suddenly began—

"O my lady, there is the strangest report through the village this evening; I never heard the like; everybody is talking of it."

Lady Douglass seemed hardly to hear it.

"Is there?" she said, absently.

"So strange, almost a miracle," continued the voluble Flora; "and who would have thought it after six years and more; but the saying is true enough, 'Murder will out.'"

"What *are* you talking about, Flora?" said Lady Douglass, roused now completely.

"Only, my lady, they say that the murder of Captain St. Laurence"—

Caroline started from her seat, pale as death, her hair falling over her shoulders—

"That is a lie; who says Captain St. Laurence was murdered? He never was; he is, he must be living," and pressing both her hands to her side; "yes, I know he lives; I will swear it."

The girl was terrified at her mistress' strange look and excitement, and approached her; when Caroline turned wildly to her—

"Tell me every word you heard, as you value your salvation—*every word* you know—quick, quick."

Flora repeated what she had said—

"Information had been given, nobody knew by whom, that the murderer of"—

"Stop, girl; there is no—don't use that horrid, lying word." When quieter, she said:

"Go on—quick, quick."

"Of Captain St. Laurence is discovered; they say the body has been found," continued Flora, hesitatingly.

One deep, low groan, at this new discovery, was the only outward token of the agony that was breaking Caroline's heart. She leant a moment with both her hands on the table, as if to support herself; then, very calmly, she went to her desk and wrote a few lines; this she put into an envelope, and sealed; then, turning to Flora, she said—

"You must get James—mind, no one but James—to go with this note to my father; he must wait for an answer. Colonel Digby may not be home till very late; but he must not leave without the answer;" and then in a tender, tremulous voice, she continued, "Flora, dear Flora, my hopes are centred on you; don't mention that you have told me this—this report; and, oh, make *James* go at once—quickly, quickly!"

Flora, crying, gave her mistress every assurance, and added, "not to fear; James should go without delay."

And Caroline went to her husband's study.

He was writing at his bureau, with his back to the door, and did not turn as she entered. She locked the door, and came over to him. Gently, very gently, she laid her arm on his shoulder, saying—

"Alfred, my own Alfred."

He started.

"Gracious heavens, Caroline, you look deadly pale. Are you ill, darling?"

His unsuspecting manner, his ignorance, his solicitude for her at that moment, entirely overcame her. She was sure that he would have divined the cause of her coming; but now she should have to tell him. This aspect had never presented itself to her mind. She had imagined various others, she had thought of *all* possible positions in which she might be placed when the fatal hour should arrive, and had acted over in imagination how she would shield him. But she had never thought *she* should have to repeat in words to him what she dared not breathe to herself. She was sure that thought must ever be uppermost in his mind, and that any extraordinary occurrence would at once connect itself with it. Now, how different! She could not speak. He rose and lifted her to the sofa by the fire; and, kneeling beside her, rubbed her cold hands between his own.

She lay conscious, acutely so, but with an utter inability to move or speak; her eyes closed; she could not even raise the lids; apparently lifeless, but with an intense agony of feeling, knowing every moment she lay there was more precious than her life.

"My precious child, Caroline, look at me; tell me, darling, are you ill? O, Caroline, dearest, speak, but once."

She had a tight grasp of his hand, but could not speak. She heard every word; they went as daggers to her heart. He did not know, he had not the least idea of what she must tell him. He became really alarmed and started to his feet to call assistance. This movement proved more effectual in rousing her. She raised herself—

"I am well, quite well. *You* must go, quickly; not a moment is to be lost."

He thought her mind was wandering, and tried to make her lie down again.

"Never mind, darling," he said, "I shall not leave you. I will stay by you all night."

"O Alfred!" she said, in despairing, heart-broken accents, "*must* I say it—don't you know?"

"To-morrow, my precious—to-morrow we will hear all. Lie quiet, now."

"To-morrow, oh! no—*now, now*, at once. I must whisper—whisper it even here," she said, putting her arm round his neck. She drew close to her, and whispered low, so very low, he could hardly hear—"Charles St. Laurence—James has told."

The effect was electrical. Deadly pale he staggered against the wall.

"The villain has betrayed me—all is lost."

"No, no!" she cried, starting to her feet, regaining strength perfectly, from the immediate danger. "All is ready. James is gone. Take 'Sunshine;' a vessel leaves Bristol at four o'clock in the morning. Ride now—now, fast—you are safe."

"No!" he said, despairingly. "No! I shall be traced; this sudden departure will only confirm the suspicion."

"Impossible. Every one knew you were to leave home to-morrow; who will know you go to-night? James cannot be back till late in the morning. O Alfred, for Heaven's sake, don't waste moments so precious—quick, quick—go! My brain is on fire," she said, pressing her hands against her forehead.

Then, and not till then, as his eye turned

on the miserable, pale face of his wife, did he remember that he had never told her. Passionately pressing her to his breast—

"Dearest darling, that I love better than the whole world—but how selfishly. I ought to have fled the moment I saw you. Caroline, darling, you have loved me in good report; trust me *now*. How you have discovered I know not; but you cannot *know* all. The world will all be against me, but *you* will believe that *I am not a murderer*."

With a cry, almost a shriek, she said, "Oh, thank God, I know it."

They parted.

Some hours later on the day that Sir Alfred had left Braydon Hall, Caroline was in the drawing-room. She was standing at the window watching the heavy clouds that rolled slowly past. A heavy, chilling mist was falling. Not a leaf stirred. All looked comfortless without. But Caroline, though she had parted with her husband, and did not know when she should again see him, felt a comfort in her inmost soul to which she had been long a stranger. Her husband's words still rang in her ears. The weight that had bowed her down till it had almost crushed her fragile form in the earth, had been lifted off. She believed every word he had said to her. She would have as soon doubted an angel from heaven. All was easy to bear now. The world might judge hardly, as it always was sure to do with the unfortunate. She knew—yes, knew the truth. As to details or particulars she thought not once of them. There was one—one bright truth—that swallowed up every thing else.

She was disturbed in these meditations by the door opening, and James presented the note he had brought from Colonel Digby. She could hardly repress a tremor as she again looked at this man; but thinking it better for the present to control her feelings, she let him leave the room without any remark. A hideous, triumphant grin distorted his features as he turned towards the door. As he left the room she heard several footsteps and loud voices. Her heart beat with undefined terror. The steps came towards the room she sat in; the door was suddenly opened, and James re-appearing, ushered in two police officers. The reality of her own position, and of what her husband had escaped, now rushed upon her. She allowed some moments to elapse before she dared to trust

herself to speak. Then drawing herself up with native dignity, she said, "To what circumstance am I indebted for this intrusion?"

Before the officers could answer, James advanced—"There is your prisoner," said he, pointing to Caroline.

"How dare you to commit such an outrage?" cried Caroline, gaining courage at seeing her servants collect around her. "Where is your authority?—of what crime am I accused?"

"There is my warrant," said James, insolently snatching the paper from the officer and thrusting it towards Caroline.

"My business is with these officers," said Caroline, proudly; "I request no interference."

James was abashed at her dignified demeanor, and hung back.

"Now, sir," continued Caroline, addressing the officer, "may I be informed of the crime of which I am accused?"

The officer very civilly handed the warrant—"I am sure, madam, there is some strange mistake, which, no doubt, will be explained immediately you see the magistrate; but I am sorry my duty will not permit me to leave this without you."

Caroline took the warrant. She looked eagerly over it to see was her husband's name inserted; but to her infinite surprise it was *her own*. A strange feeling came over her. She was neither nervous nor excited, she was very calm.

"May I have my father with me," she said, "it will not detain you more than half an hour; and also my maid, I should wish her to accompany me."

"Certainly, madam, any thing that can conduce to your comfort shall be strictly attended to."

"One request more," said Caroline, "and I have done. May we go privately in my own carriage?"

"Undoubtedly, madam."

In less than an hour Colonel Digby arrived. He had not been informed of the particulars; all the messenger could tell him was that Lady Douglass wished his presence immediately, and that there was an extraordinary commotion,—police officers, who wanted to take every thing out of the house—as Sir Alfred had left home; my lady was terrified out of her senses, being all alone; and the most extraordinary part of the business was,

that James Forest, who had been such a confidential, trustworthy servant, suddenly had turned against his mistress. Colonel Digby could not at all comprehend the man's meaning. He asked questions, but the answers only added double confusion. Thinking it best not to lose any more time, he mounted his horse, and soon arrived at Braydon Hall. Exaggerated as he thought the messenger's account must be, it fell far short of the reality. As regarded the confusion of the house—the hall door was lying open, the servants collected in groups, the women crying, lamenting, and making a noise that only added to the inextricable disorder around; the men swearing, raising their voices, one trying to outspoke the other. In fact, the poor old colonel soon discovered, if he wished to learn particulars, he must try his chance within, as it was perfectly hopeless where he was. He dismounted, and at once went to the drawing-room. The police officers stood at the lower end of the room whispering together; at the upper end sat Caroline, shaded by the deep recess of the window, her faithful Flora standing by her side, speaking words of comfort to cheer her mistress. As the door opened, and Caroline saw her father, she ran to meet him, and, with a low cry, fell sobbing into his arms. The officers treated them with marked respect and instantly left the room, contenting themselves with keeping guard outside the door.

"What is this, dear child? there is some unaccountable mistake. Where is Alfred? An execution, an arrest—What is it all? Alfred never owed a penny in his life."

"Dear papa, it is not Alfred; they only waited for him to be gone, I suppose. Debt—oh, no, no—worse! See here—read—I cannot say."

The warrant was handed to him; he took it to the light—"The person of Caroline Douglass"—for what? what is this? I cannot see—the word looks like—"said the old man, wiping his spectacles—"murder!—Charles St. Laurence!"—merciful Heaven! what is the meaning of this?" He trembled in every limb, but protested loudly against the apparent extravagance. He made an abortive attempt to laugh—"Ha, murder! a child murder a man! ha, ha! How can they bring the charge? why, they have no proof that poor Charles is even dead."

"O papa, the—the body has been found."

"The body found! where? when? by whom? heavens, murdered!"

"I do not know, papa; I know nothing, except that James Forest is connected with the arrest in some way."

"James Forest!—I feel my brain turning—James Forest—Alfred's steward!—there is something unintelligible—the man must be mad. I will call those fellows outside, you shall not stir out of this house."

"Papa, no, that cannot be; the men must do their duty. They are most civil, and evidently feel very unpleasant in being forced to carry out their commands. We must go—there is no alternative."

Colonel Digby soon perceived this, and ceased to press his daughter. He called the officers, "There is some absurd mistake," said he, "but, of course, we have nothing to say to you; let us get out of this immediately, and have this troublesome business over."

Before leaving Braydon, Colonel Digby wrote a letter to Sir Alfred Douglass, informing him of the arrest. He asked Caroline for his address. She gave his agent's address in London, well knowing it would be a long time before the letter could be delivered to him.

Caroline, her father, and the maid, entered the carriage. The police officer held the carriage door open for them to enter. He looked in, and seemed to hesitate a moment, then muttered, "I couldn't bring myself to go in there." He was satisfied that there would be no attempt at escape, and mounting on the outside, they drove down the avenue, and in this manner Caroline, a few hours after her husband had left Braydon Hall, also quitted her home. When did they meet again?

#### CHAPTER IX.—THE TRIAL.

ON arriving at the house of Mr. Tyrrell, the magistrate, they underwent the usual examination in such cases; and though the charge was denied by Caroline and vehemently so by Colonel Digby, the form of committal was made out, and Caroline was immediately removed to the prison. The drive from the magistrate's house to the prison occupied about half an hour. There was not a word spoken in this time—short in fact, but long in suffering. Colonel Digby seemed to have lost all his energy and hope; he had been convinced that the moment he appeared before the magistrate, and pointed out the man—



ifest absurdity of the case there would not be an instant's hesitation in granting his daughter's freedom; and now when things had turned out so adversely his spirits sunk. His daughter committed to prison on such a charge! the thought was terrific. Of course, she would be acquitted, but nothing could wipe out the stain. The poor old man, not strong in health, received a dreadful blow. In those few hours a change had come over him, and Caroline perceived it. She felt her father would never be the same again. She looked at him, and tried to realize the worst that might—that probably would happen. How could he bear it—her father that had loved her so dearly? and then the thought of *another* would rise—another, dearer than all the world to her—far away, alone, driven from his home, and all by an unjust accusation. She had said she would save him. How true her words had proved. Save him she would at the sacrifice of her own life, which seemed now to be the penalty demanded. She must think; she must be careful in her answers. If *she* were released the charge might be transferred to *him*; and, so dreaming, each wrapped in their own reflections, they arrived before the prison. It was evening when they reached the gaol. Caroline's step faltered as she got out of the carriage. In raising her eyes her glance fell on a narrow iron balcony, with a cross-bar above. A visible tremor shook her frame, and she sank fainting into Flora's arms. These moments were, perhaps, the most painful. She had thought and dwelt upon every circumstance to familiarize her mind; but it was only in imagination she had lived through scenes she was now called upon to meet. The vivid reality rushed upon her with overwhelming force. She should have to live here in this place, with the worst classes of the community, and then, glancing up—what might not her end be?

The sensation which this extraordinary event created throughout the country was unequalled. Amongst people of all classes it excited a feeling of astonishment, horror, and incredulity. The sex of the prisoner; her youth, beauty; her position in the county, both as regarded her father and her husband; the connection between the prisoner and the supposed victim; the length of time that had elapsed since the crime was committed; the sudden and singular occasion chosen for the arrest, in the absence of her husband; the dis-

covery of the body; the uncertain reports—all combined to awaken an intense and unprecedented interest in the coming trial.

It was fortunate for Caroline that the trial was not delayed. Had the arrest taken place a week later, she would have been obliged to wait the next assizes, and to have passed the interim in that abode of misery, with the hideous suspense of disgrace and death hanging over her, which would have been more than her weak frame could have endured.

The fatal day was fast approaching. Colonel Digby used his utmost efforts to procure the best counsel for his daughter. Meanwhile, the evidence collected on the opposite side was startling and strangely consistent. As the day came near Caroline set her mind steadily to face the worst. It is but a passing pang—and over so soon—and then rest, eternal rest. There was a latent conviction in her mind that *she* could not by possibility be *proved* guilty. How could she? There was nothing she could recall to fasten the guilt on her; and then came the dread—the fearful horror that now, the body having been found in some mysterious way, suspicion might fall upon her husband, and to shield and guard him was her only thought; her earnest prayer, "It does not matter in what manner I leave this world, I know, I feel here that my course is nearly run; it is enough if he is saved."

These thoughts braced and strengthened her. The excitement of the trial; the uncertainty of the issue; hope, in spite of all doubts, whispered comfort to her youthful mind. There were moments in which she longed to see her husband; but this was impossible—not to be dreamt of. His presence *there*—and all would be lost. He would be the first to proclaim—make the world believe in his guilt.

The morning of the 15th of November was dark, damp, and cold; but the court was crowded to overflowing. A murmur of sympathy and admiration ran through that vast assemblage the moment Caroline entered. She was simply and plainly dressed; her elegant and slight figure showed to advantage, as, leaning on her father's arm, she was conducted to the bar. Her extraordinary situation, and the conscious gaze of hundreds, brought the color to her cheeks, and imparted an unusual brilliancy to her eye; but after the first few moments of excitement were passed the agony of mind she had undergone was



visible. Her face had lost its rounded contour; bright spots burned on either cheek; yet there was a calmness of expression; she appeared self-collected and undaunted; a brighter resolve than that busy crowd could dream of supported her now in circumstances so fearful. So young, so beautiful, bearing up with an energy so little to be expected from one of her years and delicate appearance.

Her counsel had prepared Caroline for a clever and well got-up accusation; but her expectation fell far short of the strange reality.

The muttered voices through the court had been hushed by the cry of silence, which was caught up and echoed throughout the building. The eyes of all were directed to the judge who then entered. Caroline looked at him with a keen and eager interest, as she thought that in his hands lay her fate.

After the usual preliminary of swearing the jury, the counsel for the crown "opened the case."

"It was not without the deepest emotions, that in the course of his duty he had been called upon to undertake this prosecution. The lady's youth, position, and the high estimation in which she was held, made it a most painful duty; but all these circumstances only aggravated the nature of the crime, if, as he expected by the evidence he could produce, he *could* prove that such a crime had been committed by her." He proceeded to state, "that the body of Captain St. Laurence had been identified at the coroner's inquest by certain peculiarities—his height, the regimentals that he had worn, which, though injured, could be perfectly recognized; the loss of a finger on the left hand. But there was *one* circumstance, which would come out in the course of the evidence, and which seemed to bear almost conclusively against the prisoner. On the person of the deceased was found only the *sheath* of a dagger; the dagger itself was missing; but a dagger, exactly corresponding to the sheath, which was of curious antique workmanship, had been found in Lady Douglass' possession."

And now the witnesses were called each in their turn.

James Forest was the first who gave his evidence. He deposed that, on the morning of the 16th of October, in the year 18—,

Miss Digby called at the lodge of Braydon Hall; that he had only just arrived from London to see his parents previous to leaving the country the next day; that he was alone in the cottage when she entered in a very hurried and excited manner. She asked him to meet her on the walk by the river's side in her father's demesne that same night, at ten o'clock; and especially charged him not to mention the appointment. He promised compliance with her wishes. She departed as suddenly as she came. The request did not surprise him, except, perhaps, on account of the lateness of the hour, as he had been in the habit of executing commissions for the family before he had entered service. Punctual to the appointment he was at the river's side at ten o'clock, but Miss Digby was waiting for him. Her manner and appearance frightened him; she was exceedingly agitated and excited. He inquired had any thing startled her; but she said that she was cold from waiting so long for him. Before she informed him of what she required she bound him by the most solemn promises never to divulge what she was going to impart. She then offered him a large sum of money if he would consent to bury the body of Captain St. Laurence, which he would find in the grotto by the sea-shore, in Sir Richard Baker's grounds. She asserted that she had by accident discovered the body concealed there; and should it come to her father's knowledge she feared that a man whom she knew he half suspected, though most unjustly, of having a hand in her cousin's disappearance, might suffer by the discovery. Under these circumstances, she did not wish to let it be known that she had found the body. She further stated that she had parted in anger from her cousin the previous night; that her father had intended she should marry Captain St. Laurence, and the very idea was most hateful to her; so under all considerations she entreated of him to perform this service for her. He was very reluctant to undertake so strange a commission; but her agonized manner, and the promises that she would forever befriend him, drew from him an unwilling promise. At the place she had directed him to, he found the body, concealed under leaves and the rubbish of the grotto. The body was cold, and the blood dried on the clothes. There was no weapon of any kind about the place, or on the person of

Captain St. Laurence. The sheath of a dagger hung at his side; there was a wound on the right side, and the left hand was mangled. He buried the body where it lay; and the next morning left the country, and did not return till eighteen months ago. He had not had an easy moment since that night. He felt as if he had participated in some frightful though unknown crime; and to unburden his conscience, before he quitted the country forever, had been the motive that had induced him to make this declaration.

A shopkeeper in the town, from whom James had purchased a hat, and his father and mother certified to his having been at Braydon the day he mentioned.

The next evidence was that of Tom Scott. He seemed a reluctant witness. He stated that on the evening of the 15th of October he was returning from the village beyond Colonel Digby's demesne, and had taken a short way through the shrubbery, when he heard voices raised in anger. He approached stealthily to overhear the conversation, when he perceived Miss Digby and Captain St. Laurence engaged in a hot discussion. He concealed himself, but could hear nothing of the subject of their conversation till Miss Digby, in a loud, determined voice, said distinctly, "You are not the only man who has trembled before a woman; don't defy me, or you will have reason to repent it before another sun sets." When this man first appeared Caroline hardly glanced at him. She had never seen him, and concluded he must be some agent of James Forest. She was aghast, astonished, at the perjury she had just heard, and wondered what motive could have influenced James to revenge himself so fearfully on her; but there was one thing he said—he had alluded to her interview with her cousin. On this she was just reflecting when Scott began his evidence. He related so particularly almost her very words; detailed so minutely the scene, now so hideous to think of, and which she thought was unknown to mortal, that she was fascinated. The head bent forward; the strained eye and parted lips showed with what eagerness and despair she listened, and the low, unrestrained sob declared but too plainly that there was truth in what was uttered.

Scott continued further to state that the next evening business again brought him out.

He did not return till very late. It was past ten o'clock when he came to Colonel Digby's back entrance. He almost expected to find the gate locked; but on trying it he found it open. He walked quickly through the shrubbery, when he was terrified at seeing a white figure before him leaning against a tree. He had become almost rooted to the spot with terror, till the figure turned its head, and to his infinite surprise he recognized Miss Digby. He could hardly credit his senses, and ran to make sure. She darted with the swiftness of an arrow towards the house. He followed. She rushed through the garden gate, and its clapping behind her checked his further progress.

This man's evidence, and Caroline's visible agitation, caused a great sensation. Though Scott's appearance was so repugnant, there was a strong conviction of truth in every word he said, which came home with a feeling of bitter regret to the heart of each one in that immense crowd of spectators. He was undaunted and unmoved by the cross-questioning of the lawyers. He told his story simply and without exaggeration, and adhered steadily to it.

Flora was next called upon. There was a marked difference in the manner in which her evidence was detailed from that of those we have just given. She would relate nothing consecutively. All the information that could be extracted from her was given with the greatest reluctance, and in answers to questions repeatedly put to her; and her unfortunate communications to Forest furnished ample grounds for confirming the suspicions against her mistress. The following is the substance of her statements. It is unnecessary to enter into the questions by which they were elicited:—

She stated that Miss Digby had been absent from home on the evening of the 15th of October, and did not return till after eight o'clock; that she (Flora) was in the hall as her mistress entered the house. She took the candlestick abruptly out of her hand, refusing to allow her attendance, which was an unusual occurrence, and went hastily upstairs. She did not either quit her room, or ring her bell for the rest of the evening. She did not appear the next morning till after ten o'clock. Flora was in the breakfast-room shortly after she entered. Colonel Digby and Miss Julia were talking of Captain St. Lau-

rence's disappearance. On being further pressed as to whether she recollected if her mistress had made any observations on the subject, the only remark she remembered was her asking if the river had been dragged, and if his footsteps, or those of any other person had been traced near it. She further deposed to her mistress having retired early on the night of the 16th; and, as she again refused her attendance, she could not state whether she left the house or not. There had been a great change observable in Miss Digby since Captain St. Laurence's disappearance, but she had attributed it to her natural kindness of disposition. She had never thought her partial to her cousin. She detailed all the particulars connected with the fatal weapon; when and where she had first seen it; her mistress' marked displeasure at her discovering it; and, finally, her having purloined it to gratify James Forest's curiosity.

This closed the evidence against Lady Douglass.

Poor Flora was carried insensible out of court. She was entirely overcome at the apparent weight her own evidence had given to the fatal charge. In a long and eloquent speech the counsel for the defence addressed the jury. He dwelt much on the improbability of a girl of Miss Digby's age being capable of instigating to such a crime. Brought up as she had been from her childhood on terms of sisterly intimacy with her cousin, it would have been a crime of the deepest dye, and such as only one who had been led step by step to the dark abyss of guilt could be capable of, even in thought. And was it conceivable that even had she suggested the black deed, she would pay one man to commit the murder and another to bury the body? Such a secret was too fatal to be intrusted to an indiscriminate number. The large reward offered, and which she knew *would be offered*, for the detection of the murderer, would be too great a temptation to be resisted by men of the class she should employ. The story carried incredibility on the face of it; it was not to be entertained for a moment. Further, there was no reason that the deceased might not have met his death by his own hand; there was nothing to prove that the dagger had been taken from his person *before* death; it might have been removed *after* he had committed the fatal act. His hand was mangled. True; but that might have been occa-

sioned by the body falling among the stones and gravel of the grotto where it was found. As to the meeting between Miss Digby and Captain St. Laurence the evening before his intended journey, and their parting in anger, it would be childish even to expect this to be accounted for. Was every person bound to mention a quarrel or an interview, particularly one of such a delicate nature as this must have been? Colonel Digby had wished and consented to his nephew endeavoring to win his daughter's love. Is it not natural, then, to conclude what must have been the subject of that last interview before leaving home? and is every young lady who refuses to marry a man, and that perhaps warmly, bound to answer for his life afterwards? This point ought to be made clear indeed, for if such a heavy responsibility lies with the fair and weaker sex, the exact time when it ceases should be defined, in order that they might be enabled to engage a body-guard to protect all rejected suitors during the interval. The dagger being found in Lady Douglass' possession he allowed *was* a difficulty, and one which she positively declined in any way to account for. He could have passed this over; but it was better to face a difficulty. Let them look at it. What does it amount to? Lady Douglass had, and acknowledged she had, in her possession, a dagger that had been identified as the dagger her deceased cousin had worn the last time he was seen. There are many ways in which it might have come into her possession without involving her participation in any, much less this awful, crime. Why, is there any thing more likely than to suppose that he might have dropped it the evening of their interview, and that she found it? As time advanced and softened the past, she might have preserved it as a memento of their parting. On the other hand, could there be any thing more unlikely or revolting than the idea of a young girl, who had instigated the murder of her cousin, preserving the very weapon that should forever keep her crime in her sight? In affecting terms he appealed to the jury; they had wives, sisters, daughters, who might some day be placed in the position in which Lady Douglass was now. They should be scrupulous how they judged. Her station, her age, then hardly seventeen, the character she bore—was all this to go for nothing? How weak was the evidence; it was only circumstantial; and, at

best, how precarious was circumstantial evidence. Then he adduced instances of bygone trials, in which, when too late, the innocence of the accused parties had been brought to light. He ceased. Through the crowded court there existed but one feeling—visible, unrestrained sympathy, compassion, admiration, and conviction of her innocence. With breathless impatience they waited for the charge from the judge.

With great care, and at length, the judge stated the evidence. He dwelt much on the manner in which Flora's testimony had confirmed that of the other witnesses, and the exceeding reluctance with which it had been forced from her. On the other hand, he referred to the impossibility of a young girl committing such a murder herself, and the improbability of her employing two separate persons, one to commit the deed, and the other to bury the body. But, after giving their best consideration to both sides of the question, he summed up by informing the jury that it was their duty to consider, *not* whether a guilty person could be in the position in which the evidence placed Miss Digby, but whether it was at all compatible that an innocent person, that a girl of seventeen, could be so situated. Whether as innocent she could have on any account concealed the fact of discovering her cousin's body, and, fearing to mention it to her own family, paid a stranger to inter it. Whether, when Captain St. Lawrence was first missing, it was natural, and what an innocent young woman would have done, to have concealed her last interview. Whether the possession of the dirk and a stained handkerchief belonging to the deceased could be satisfactorily accounted for, or that it was possible or consistent for a person circumstanced as Lady Douglass was to decline all explanation of the manner in which such articles came into her possession, and yet be innocent of the charge laid against her. If after mature deliberation they arrived at the conclusion that an innocent young girl might be so circumstanced it would be their duty to acquit the prisoner; but if, on the other hand, they could not conscientiously come to this judgment, their duty would then be to find a verdict against the accused.

There was a pause for half an hour; but the time was not occupied as it generally is in crowded courts at the retiring of the jury.

There was an unusual stillness. The

judge's ominous words, "a verdict against the accused," seemed to echo round the building; only hushed whispers of "she must be innocent," "they could not find her guilty," broke the silence; in that mighty mass of eager spectators there was but one desire—to see her free; yet their conviction had been shaken by the judge's charge, their hearts declared her innocence, but their reasons were not convinced. Each one was thankful that he was not called to decide her fate.

In less than an hour there was a movement—a stir. All eyes turned, expecting the jury; but the foreman entered alone. To the judge's question, "Have you agreed?"

"No; and after a great deal of discussion we have decided to ask one or two questions. The answers may, perhaps, conduce to bring the jury to a speedy decision." So saying, he asked,—

"Could the lady adduce any evidence to account for her having the dagger in her possession? as it was necessary for the right and just perception of the case that this circumstance should be satisfactorily explained."

Her counsel heard the question and shook his head, knowing how useless the appeal to her was. He had urged on her the necessity of offering some explanation: he had felt the difficulty, and, by every means in his power, had laid it before her; but all to no purpose. As a final effort, he now approached the place where she was sitting, pale, beside her father. There was not the slightest excitement visible; she was calm and collected; while the breathless silence around her, the eager and sympathizing gaze of all, were a tribute involuntarily paid to such firm composure. As those near pressed forward to hear what passed between Lady D. and her counsel, they perceived the anxious looks with which he addressed her, and the agonized entreaties of her father.

She listened—she paused—her father's tears—the lawyer's arguments that on her almost depended her father's life; there was no knowing in what view the jury would consider the case if she persisted in her refusal, and how would he—the old man—bear the worst? all tended to overwhelm and distract her. She gazed vacantly at her father; his miserable and heart-broken look only confirmed the lawyer's dark hint. Oh! that she could be crushed into annihilation: that this dreadful struggle were over; but it must not be—she



could not—she dared not tell. “No,” she said, “I cannot answer;” and waving her hand to prevent further entreaties, she sunk back on her seat.

The lawyer sorrowfully walked over to the foreman, and said, “I have received no instructions to give any further information.”

About six o'clock in the evening of that long day, there was again a stir, and the expectation of all was realized by the entrance of the jury. The foreman returned the verdict, “guilty.”

A deep groan, as it burst simultaneously from the breast of every individual present, echoed the fatal word. “Strongly recommended to mercy” was hardly heard, as the judge finished the sentence.

But Caroline bore the sentence with unflinching brow. No nervous contraction round the mouth betrayed any emotion; her countenance was as serene as when she first entered—and all was over.

A great change had taken place in Caroline's character since the discovery of her husband's fatal secret. Though she was naturally a girl of a high and serious turn of mind, yet her strong impulses and great capacity of affection, almost devotion towards a particular object, kept her bowed down and wedded to the fleeting things of this world; but the knowledge of this fatal secret—arrived at, too, in such a way, wounding her in the tenderest attachment of her heart—cut the cord by which she had been fastened. She grew very tired of the world: it was not to be trusted. There were snares for the unwary: nothing could come to perfection. There was happiness in it she knew; she had felt—she had tasted happiness, ardent, delicious, intoxicating; but the bud was not to blossom here, it must be transplanted to a richer and a better soil or it would wither.

What was the earth to her now? She looked to heaven, all her happiness was there. It was not her husband's deception of her that broke her heart; there was no thought of self—it never entered her mind; it was the thought that *he* might be debarred from that heaven to which now all her longing was directed that bowed her down with an insupportable weight; but from the hour of his denial of guilt all her hopes brightened. She would have him with her—the happiness begun here, and so ruthlessly cut asunder was only a sure pledge of what would be but

brighter far in heaven. Such thoughts as these supported Caroline through her dark and dismal solitude.

When she returned to the prison after the trial she was sustained by an unnatural excitement. “All is over. James has sworn that it was I; *he* is safe, there can be no danger to him *now*; and I have saved him—a weak, wretched woman—alone and unassisted. The life he gave me I have laid at his feet. The memory of this dark hour will bind us together closer in eternity.” And then the longing to see him, to be with him once more before—then a cold shudder crept over her, the extraordinary excitement faded away, and she awoke to the reality of her own position. Near, so very near, death faced her; and what death? the death of a felon. She grasped her throat with her hands—to be hung—hung before that immense crowd. Oh! the thought was awful. Her head grew dizzy, a mortal sickness came over her; exhausted nature could contend no longer. She was borne by her faithful attendant to her bed. . . .

As soon as Sir Alfred Douglass left Braydon he hastened to Dover, and from thence crossed to France, where he had intended to linger. It was agreed between him and Caroline that she should write to him under a feigned name. He had been absent nearly a fortnight and had as yet received no letter. He became nervous and depressed. He did not expect to hear much before this time, as he knew she would be anxiously cautious; but a foreboding of evil haunted him. His own situation was so precarious. At any moment he might meet English acquaintances; he confined himself during the day, and even in the evening did not venture into the frequented parts of the town. It was one evening about three weeks since he left England that he turned into a more fashionable restaurant than it was customary for him to venture into, and had seated himself with a paper near the fire, when two gentlemen entered and called for coffee and cigars. By their voices he recognized them to be Englishmen; he turned from them more effectually to conceal his features, and devoted himself with renewed assiduity to his newspaper. He had not been long so engaged when his attention was arrested by a remark from one of the gentlemen to his friend, “It is the most extraordinary case I have ever

heard; and how many years since it happened, did you say?"

"Six or seven," was the answer.

"How could they identify the body?"

"I did not hear the particulars, but there was no room for doubt."

Alfred had not a moment's hesitation in his mind as to the subject of their conversation. A sickening sensation came over him. He trembled. How could he escape? Danger and death were closing upon him. His fears exaggerated the difficulties that surrounded him; he dared not move, the least attempt to leave on his part would excite suspicion. He grasped his chair. His brain turned; a fainting sickness came over him, the cold perspiration hung in drops on his forehead; but with resolute determination he conquered. Still preserving the same position, holding his paper before him, he waited calmly, without one outward token of the fearful struggle he had passed through, to hear further particulars of *his own crime*. The waiter then entering with coffee interrupted the conversation. Still Alfred, with extraordinary control, sat on.

"I cannot get that strange case out of my head," said the first speaker again addressing his friend.

"What is the name?"

"Douglass," was the reply.

"Douglass, do you say? any thing to the Douglass of Somersetshire?"

"The same."

"Heavens! how awful. And the murdered man?"

"St. Laurence. The Digby St. Laurences."

"Good heavens! they are relations—cousins. When was the trial over?"

"Yesterday."

Trial! Alfred almost turned; what did this mean? The speaker continued,—

"I don't believe she is guilty. The jury were a long time; but finally returned the verdict, 'guilty.' You should see her, John, a lovely young creature; bore up like a heroine, and as likely to commit a murder as a saint."

Both the gentlemen started, as Alfred darted towards them with a face as livid as the dead; he grasped the arm of one, and in a hollow voice demanded "Her name—her name?"

"Lady Douglass, wife of Sir Alfred, and daughter of Colonel Digby."

With the howl of a maniac he rushed out of the house, and ran breathless to the quay. Chance favored him: a vessel was just starting for Dover. Without a moment's hesitation he sprang on deck regardless of every thing. The one idea in his mind was his wife: to save her—to declare himself the real, the true criminal. But it might be too late—he knew nothing—how soon after the trial was she to—Oh! the thought was maddening; his brain was on fire. . . .

A few days after the trial a post-chaise was seen driving furiously up the principal street of the town till it stopped at the hotel; a gentleman got out, and after a few words to the landlord of the inn, re-entered the carriage, ordering it to be driven to the county goal. It was about nine o'clock at night that he arrived at the prison. A violent ring at the massive door was immediately answered.

"Lead me to the—the place occupied by Lady Douglass," said the visitor, in a tone of command.

The man hesitated, looked up at the figure that addressed him, and though no one, on any pretence, was allowed admittance at that unseasonable hour, there was something in the stranger's appearance that inspired him with awe and he dared not refuse. Unwillingly he conducted him as far as his own jurisdiction extended, and then left him under the guidance of another warder.

Caroline, since the day of the trial, had visibly and rapidly declined;—it was as if she had gathered her strength for that fatal occasion; and then, the excitement, the necessity for exerting herself over, she sunk. The medical man who had attended her ordered her to be removed to an airy room, where she could have the customary comforts around her. Every time the doctor called he expected would be the last. She could not now hold out twenty-four hours; she had been in an unconscious stupor the whole day, lying with her eyes closed, and, except by her low breathing, showing no sign of life. The room was dark, barely lighted by a lamp set in a recess by the fire. Flora, her faithful attendant, sat by the bedside, watching every change in her mistress. Her father, a decrepit old man, sat by the fireside, half unconscious of all around him.

Caroline suddenly started up in her bed, and leant forward. "Hark, what is that? Listen!" she exclaimed, hastily.

Flora looked at her in fear. She heard nothing but the footsteps outside their door—a never-ending sound in that dwelling; but still Caroline eagerly listened—her eyes sparkled—the door opened, and with a cry and joyous smile, as in her brightest days, she stretched forward her arms, and in one moment was folded to her husband's breast.

"Dear, dearest Alfred," she said, "I have been expecting you so long, I watched and got weary, and so dropped asleep; but I have had such a dream. I knew you would come. And, darling, you look tired; you must rest here," she said, clasping him in her arms; "and then you will come and see all I have done while you were away; your room is so nice—all as you wished. We shall be happy, oh, so happy!" He sunk on his knees by her, and burying his face in the bed, groaned aloud.

"Darling, won't you come soon, very soon." She clasped her arms round his neck, pressed her lips to his; her head sunk on his shoulder; gently he moved to lay her down. A bright, heavenly smile was on her face, but her spirit had fled from her husband's embrace. . . .

A letter, subsequently addressed to the judge who had presided at the recent trial, held in the town of —, Somersetshire, excited an immense sensation throughout the whole of England. We shall transcribe it for the benefit of our readers:—

"MY LORD,—At Sir Alfred Douglass' request I am called upon to lay before you, and through you before the public, the real circumstances connected with the tragedy, from which originated the fearful trial at which you so lately presided.

"Captain St. Laurence and Sir Alfred Douglass had been thrown together in early life; they were at school when their acquaintance and mutual dislike began. They met again at Oxford, where they were students. Here the rivalry between them was renewed with greater virulence. They were both members of the same club; and a short time previous to Captain St. Laurence's receiving the order to join his regiment Sir Alfred Douglass had detected him in an act of foul play at cards. He had been long suspected of dishonorable practices, though they had never been distinctly traced to him; but on this unfortunate occasion, through Sir Alfred's means, the charge had been proved beyond a doubt. Captain St. Laurence, loaded with dishonor, quitted the club, swearing vengeance

against his enemies. Sir Alfred expected to be called to a personal encounter with his adversary, but to his astonishment he heard no more of him; the whole transaction had been marvellously hushed up.

"Sir Richard Baker at that time died suddenly, and put all further thought of the subject out of Sir Alfred's mind. He, accompanied by James Forest, went down for one day to Somersetshire, previous to his leaving England on a tour. They did not arrive at Braydon Hall till late in the evening, when he, attended by his servant, went out to look about the place. As they turned into a narrow walk leading to the sea, at some distance from the house, they encountered Captain St. Laurence. He was very excited, and seemed to be shaken by some very strong emotion. He did not immediately recognize Sir Alfred, who had hoped to pass unobserved, but the narrowness of the path prevented this. As Captain St. Laurence came close to him he started, and addressed Sir Alfred by some opprobrious term. This, of course, roused the other. He answered, but said he did not wish to take an unfair advantage of him, as he seemed to be laboring under some strange excitement. This unhappy allusion to some unknown trouble exasperated Captain St. Laurence. Without a moment's hesitation he closed on his adversary; blow followed blow. Sir Alfred was unarmed; but Captain St. Laurence drew a dagger. To wrench this out of his hand and wound him was the work of an instant. Captain St. Laurence staggered and fell. Sir Alfred raised his head and called upon Forest to assist him, but found to his unexpected dismay that he was dead. Sir Alfred's remorse was extreme. He had only raised his hand in his own defence. There was no thought in his mind to take the young man's life. In perplexity and bitter regret he bent over the body, when Forest at once suggested the thought of instant burial. He urged on his master the absolute necessity of it. If he asserted that he had killed Captain St. Laurence in self-defence who would believe him? Who could think it was a fair fight? they were two against one. There was, in fact, no other course left. His conscience could not upbraid him with the crime. He must now look to his own safety. In a miserable moment, when he was bowed down with terror, grief, and wretchedness, he consented. Forest buried the body in the little grot near the sea-shore. That evening, without revisiting the house, or having been recognized by any one, Sir Alfred Douglass returned to London. James Forest followed him in a day after. It was the diabolical conception of a moment that suggested the hidden burial to Forest. He knew he was now master. A

secret bound Sir Alfred to him indissolubly. Go where he would he could not escape *him*; he might neglect his duties, rob, plunder his master, but *he* must be silent. He knew a crime of a deeper die; he held his fate in his grasp. One word from him and all would be over; and he accomplished his purpose. Sir Alfred's purse was ever open to him; the demands, ever so exorbitant, were never refused. This contented James Forest for a time. His situation was a very good one; and if he gave information, on the whole, even taking the reward into account, he considered that he would be a loser.

"And thus things continued till Sir Alfred married. Forest became attached to Lady Douglass' maid. At first she favored his addresses; but her mistress' strong dislike to the man made her hesitate before she consented to marry him. Then Lady Douglass' failing health decided the girl in ultimately rejecting his suit. This exasperated him beyond endurance. His master had also been unwilling of late to meet his demands, which had gradually become exorbitant; words arose between them, and then followed that hideous, deep-laid plot of unutterable revenge and villainy. His plans were well laid: he had calculated on Sir Alfred's hurried departure, at the information being given to the magistrate, and it was he who had brought the news to Flora, 'that by some unknown person a disclosure had been made concerning the murder of Captain St. Laurence.' It was with the delight of a demon he had left the house with the letter to Colonel Digby the night of Sir Alfred's escape, astonished at the success of his plan.

"A few words explain the tragic sequel. Lady Douglass had found by accident the dagger concealed in her husband's desk. The truth flashed upon her. She suffered for him—willingly, heartily. In a letter written to him the evening of the trial she detailed the circumstances; but over this we must draw a veil; it is too sacred for curious eyes to gaze

upon. Let us fold our hands in wonder and admiration that such love could exist on earth."

Braydon Hall was dismantled. The closed windows, through which not a gleam of sunshine could penetrate; the weeds covering the garden; the grass-grown walks—all proclaimed the absence of the owner. Even the lodge was empty. An old woman lived in the house, who, for some time after the events recorded in this story, had her time busily employed in showing visitors through the place, hallowed by the memory of the principal actor connected with those scenes; but in time these dropped off, and she reigned in undisturbed silence in her gloomy abode.

Sir Alfred Douglass left the neighborhood forever. In a short time the wonderful tragedy with which he had been connected was entirely forgotten; and in years after, when one, who regardless of the danger to his own person, had devoted himself to the care of the sick and needy, when the cholera which was raging with fearful destruction had deprived them of friends and sustenance, at last fell a victim to this great and self-imposed duty, then the fleeting words of admiration which were offered to his memory recalled for a brief space the interest that had once wrapped around him.

With regard to the other actors connected with this tale a few words will suffice.

Colonel Digby did not survive his daughter many weeks. The shock he sustained shattered his health, already weakened by sickness and age. Flora accompanied Julia to a foreign country where, in the formation of new ties the spirits of the latter once more revived from the bitter remembrances of the past.

---

OUR thoroughly national game of cricket has found a most competent historian in Mr. Frederick Lillywhite, who is preparing an elaborate work, wherein will be given full scores of all matches chronicled since 1772, biographical notices of celebrated players, anecdotes, etc. Much of the requisite materials lies buried in

old books, newspapers, and bits o' writing hidden away in dark corners and cupboards. The labor of collecting and compiling them will be great; and we are sure that the lovers of cricket will readily respond to Mr. Lillywhite's appeal, that he may be allowed to examine any documents of the kind of which they may be possessed.—*Spectator*.

\*  
Cris  
Fie  
Mac



From The Saturday Review.

MASSON'S LECTURES ON BRITISH NOVELISTS.\*

It is the fancy of the people of Edinburgh to send for a lion every winter, and get him to deliver four lectures. Sometimes they catch a large lion, sometimes a small one. In the winter of 1858, they caught Mr. Masson, and that gentleman, having roared at Edinburgh as he was bound, has now published his lectures in a small volume. The subject he chose was a good one, or, if it had a fault, it had no worse a one than that it was impossible to do justice to it in so small a space. But the history of British prose fiction must always be interesting to a public which loves to feed on novels. Mr. Masson has got up the literature of his subject with care, and evidently knows a great deal about several hundred volumes of fiction. The lectures are, however, tainted with a fault, which we are willing to attribute to the system of importing a lecturer rather than to the lecturer himself. They scarcely contain one definite opinion on any subject whatever. Mr. Masson appears to have felt that it would be rather hard on persons who had sent for him expressly, and whose investment he was for the time being, that they should be subjected to the pain of hearing a sentiment, expression, judgment, or suggestion with which they could not entirely and immediately agree. Accordingly, to use the expressive language of the Turf, he "hedges" so carefully, he so guardedly refrains from praising or blaming any person, book, institution, or theory whatever, he makes every thing so elaborately square, that his book is perhaps not quite so entertaining to read as it was inoffensive to hear. In one direction only does he permit himself free play. He is lavish in his panegyrics on every thing Scotch. The scenery, the buildings, the inhabitants of "Edina," more than satisfy his highest aspirations. Such is the return which Edinburgh derives from her quest for metropolitan talent. Her lecturer works hard for her, he smooths every thing down to meet what he thinks her wishes, and he praises her to the skies. It can scarcely be said that she has the worst of the bargain.

As might be expected, no writer of fiction

\* *British Novelists and their Styles*. Being a Critical Sketch of the History of British Prose Fiction. By David Masson, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1859.

is treated with the same fulness or receives the same admiration as Scott. A Scotch audience demanded this tribute to their favorite author. Mr. Masson's criticisms on the author of the *Waverley Novels* may be briefly summed up as follows. In Scott the characteristic of a love for the past was enormous; but Scott did not go round and round the world in his passion for the antique—he did not even write, strictly speaking, Oriental novels. Gothic Europe was his range, but his veneration for the past reached its highest and most shrewd and intelligent form in his Scotticism. Very luckily his name was Scott—and he was pre-eminently a Scotchman. He knew the scenery of his country and its people. "His Scotticism was full, extensive, and thorough. In combination with his love for the past it took, for the ordinary purposes of public citizenship, the form of Scottish Toryism; but in the larger field of literature its outcome was such as to thrill and please the world." The world owes very much amusement to him. "Strike out Scott and all that has been accumulated on him by way of interest on his capital from the British mind of the last seventy years, and how much poorer should we be?" "Prose can, in consequence of Scott, be conscious of having advanced its standard several stages nearer to the very citadel of poesy." Scott was the father of the modern historical novel. It is difficult to say whether he really understood mediæval and feudal times; but Mr. Masson cannot quite agree with the depreciation of his mediævalism and feudalism. There is, however, one defect in Scott's genius which Mr. Masson feels bound to recognize and deplore. One thing, and one only, was wanting. "The only Scottish thing that Scott had not in him was Scotch metaphysics." As we learn from the preface, Mr. Masson's lectures were delivered in March and April; and it is a curious reflection that those who, to attend this disquisition on Scott, turned out on an evening in a Scotch spring, might have stayed at home and read Mr. Carlyle's *Essay* on the same subject.

Mr. Masson has, however, the recommendation of having studied his subject and bestowed some little thought on it. The sketches of novelists, living and dead, which he gives may be passed over; but at the close of the volume he makes a few suggestions as to the line which fiction may be expected and wished

hereafter to take. We can only partially agree with them. He begins by complaining that novels turn too exclusively on love-making. In two pages of mythological high-flying, he points out that the white hand of Aphrodite is waving too constantly over Britain, and urges that we ought to attend also to "the red god Mars and the green-haired Neptune." In other words, Mr. Masson wants military and naval novels. He will have to wait till he gets them. Writers can only write about military and naval matters if they happen to have some knowledge of them, and a man of genius, who is also a sea captain, is not to be had for the asking. The sham sea novel is a most dreary affair, and is quite as dull as the usual record of clerical flirtations. A good novel might be made out of almost any phase of active life if only the knowledge of detail were added to a capacity for writing; but the two so rarely meet that good novels are scarce. There might be a good legal novel, or a good engineering novel, but, as a matter of fact, the persons who happen to have the gift of writing know nothing about law or railway contracts. What, for instance, would be the use of asking Mr. Thackeray to address himself to the green-haired Neptune? He can write novels, but he is not in the green-haired Neptune line of business. If you want a mutton-chop you must not go to a haberdasher's. As far as they can, the existing race of novelists do appeal to other interests than those of family life and the progress of affection. Mr. Rende, for instance, occupied half a popular novel with a rhapsodical version of a case of prison hardship. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton particularly prides himself on representing the whole of life. He brings in any amount of gypsies, actors, Australian settlers, and other such persons, because his wide range of knowledge supplies him with such very diversified materials. Every author seems to us desirous to put as much as he can into his novels, to draw on his memory in every direction, and even to be willing patiently and honestly to cram for the occasion, if he does but see an opening for his cram when he has got it up. It is true that weak novels turn far too exclusively on love, and little love disturbances, to be very interesting; and we may wish that even our first novelists had a rather wider range. But then the writer gives what he has got, and the choice is not between the

*Virginians* and what Mr. Masson very properly desires, "a prose counterpart of the Epic," but between the *Virginians* and nothing. "Why, then," Mr. Masson may be inclined to say, "why not be magnanimous, and not write?" Even-handed justice asks in return, "Why lecture at Edinburgh?"

Mr. Masson's next suggestion for the improvement of novels is, that they should receive "a very considerable influx of the speculative spirit and of the best results of speculation." Before an English audience Mr. Masson would probably be scrupulous in interpreting this to mean that what novels want is what Scott wanted—a strong dose of Scotch metaphysics. Indeed, he explains partially what he means; and it is something rather, though not very, different which he alleges to be really desirable. He complains that at present the psychology of novels "would not hold good in an imaginary world of cats"—characters, motives, conversions, causes, are all impossible and absurd. We never know what, in such criticisms, is the standard taken. Are we to judge the fiction of the day by its best productions or its worst? Let us take the most favorable standard. What would have been the additional gain if the mind that drew the character of Rawdon Crawley had been trained in the most scientific system of psychology? Psychology is a mere arrangement of facts and characters in life, or like life; and the facts to be arranged are just the same even if no one makes them into a science. If Mr. Masson does not mean that novelists should study books on psychology, but merely that they should make their characters as natural as possible, this is quite different from having an infusion of the best results of speculation, and is a piece of advice entirely superfluous, because all novelists would make their characters natural if they did but know how. Mr. Masson proceeds to lament that novelists are very often shaky in political economy and social science, which is no doubt true. The novelist takes for granted that the views on such subjects adopted by himself and his friends, and current in the books familiar to him, are at least defensible, and never troubles his head further about them. Consequently, he often makes scientific mistakes. But perhaps no mistakes could less diminish the value of a work of fiction. If novelists must wait to write until they have made themselves safe on the vexed points of

social science, they will not waste much paper and ink. And the scientific ones will have the mortification of seeing the unscientific ones getting all the money and glory. Before the former can discover even the meaning of the term social science, the latter will have jilted or married half a dozen heroines, and cooked the goose of half a dozen villains.

Mr. Masson's last suggestion is that novelists should be more elemental. He unfolds to us the doctrine of the four elements giving a description of earth, air, fire, and water in a style of big-wordedness which was perhaps prompted by the desire to please his Edinburgh audience. With this doctrine, he says, we are at liberty to connect the word "elemental" in the sense he uses it; and we are also at liberty not to do so. It is perhaps simpler to take the latter course; and we then find that an elemental novelist is one who attends principally to the broader features of nature and life. The only difficulty is to be an elemental novelist; but, undoubt-

edly, the thing is good, if possible. The same remark applies to all Mr. Masson's suggestions. We wish novelists should be wide in their range—we wish they should be all right in their social science—we wish they should be elemental. But novelists of the perfect sort are not plentiful, and never will be. We cannot tell that there will be any real progress in the art of novel-writing. That there will some day—and perhaps before very long—be a change in the style of novel now written, we may venture to guess, because experience shows that every strong manifestation of taste and thought provokes a reaction; and the present liking for realism in novels will probably give way to idealism of some sort. So far we think Mr. Masson quite right when he chalks out the future of fiction according to his wishes; but we do not think that criticism can either cause or materially hasten the change, and we do not know but that a new style of novel may be open to quite as great objections as the present.

**THE ARRAY OF BRITISH NOVELS.**—The British Museum authorities cannot be sure that they receive copies of all the novels published in the British Islands; but it is likely that their collection is more complete, for the period with which we are now concerned, than any other that exists. Now, I have been informed that the number of novels standing on the shelves of the British Museum Library as having been published in Britain in the year 1820—i.e., when the *Waverley* Novels were at the height of their popularity—is twenty-six in all, counting seventy-six volumes; that, ten years later, or in 1830, when the *Waverley* series was nearly finished, the yield to the library in this department had increased to one hundred and one books, or two hundred and five volumes within the year; that, twenty years later, or in 1850, the yield was ninety-eight books or two hundred and ten volumes; and that for the year 1856, the yield was eighty-eight books or two hundred and one volumes.

Taking these data as approximately accurate, they give us the curious fact that the annual yield of British novels had been quadrupled by the time of Scott's death as compared with what it had been when he was in the middle of his *Waverley* series—having risen from twenty-six

a year, or a new novel every fortnight, to about one hundred a year, or nearly two new novels every week; and, moreover, that this proportion of one hundred new novels every year, or two every week, has continued pretty steady since Scott's death, or, if there has been any change, has fallen off lately rather than increased. Making an average calculation from these facts, I find that there may have been in all about three thousand novels, containing about seven thousand separate volumes, produced in these islands since the publication of *Waverley*. And this corresponds pretty well with a calculation made on independent grounds.

In the London Book Catalogue, giving a classified index of all books published in Great Britain from the year 1816 to the year 1851 inclusive, the novels or works of prose fiction occupy twenty-two pages, and amount to about three thousand three hundred separate entries. In this list, however, reprints of old novels as well as translations and reprints of imported novels are included. Balancing these against the probable yield of the six years, from 1852 to 1857 inclusive, not embraced in the catalogue, I believe that my calculations, as just stated, may pass as near the truth.—*Mr. Masson's British Novelists and their Styles.*

From The Ladies' Companion.  
ABBEY VIEW.

## A REMINISCENCE OF CHILDHOOD.

## CHAPTER I.

I RECOLLECT myself, at eight years old, reading over and over again, with a pleasure never since derived from any other species of enjoyment, the two solitary books within my reach; namely, the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the "Citizen of the World." Strange books, perhaps, particularly the latter, for a child; but there was a story in it about a certain Prince Bonbobbin-Bonbebbin-Bonbobbinet, and his adventures in search of a white mouse with green eyes, which had a never-failing charm for me. And I was also, singularly enough, capable of understanding the delicate humor of poor Goldsmith's unrivalled sketch of "Beau Tibbs," sufficiently so at least to be amused at the harmless vanity of the poor little butterfly; and to enter more fully into the philosophy of his remark, "If all the world laugh at me, I laugh at all the world," than the gentleman-in-black, in his annoyance at being made ridiculous, felt inclined to do. But if these exquisite essays pleased me, where, out of Fairyland, shall I find language calculated to express my delight on reading the pages of Bunyan—that almost inspired dreamer? The mere idea of attempting it throws me into the Slough of Despond. Enough, I more than performed his journey with Christian; for the time being, I was Christian himself; and, although, I had the entire book nearly by heart, it was no light sorrow to me when some chance visitor at our home borrowed and never returned it.

I have spoken of a visitor, but it was rarely indeed a stranger was found "within our gates." I do not recollect more than three who were in the habit of calling on us. One, a classical teacher, an odd, but very learned old man, who taught me to read French; next, a music-master, whom I detested, and who felt with equal kindness towards me; I had no taste, either natural or acquired, for music. I hated the drudgery of practice, and was, I am sure, the most stupid and troublesome pupil he had. We parted, after three years of mutual dislike and annoyance, with (I will answer, at least, for myself) a sincere resolution "to meet as little as possible." Lastly, an old great-aunt, who came twice a year from the country, to make purchases,

and to whose visits I looked forward with joyful expectation, as she possessed a wonderful stock of stories about the old families and places in her neighborhood; and, better still, loved to relate them to so eager and attentive a listener as she always found in me. Indeed, a very slight allusion to, or remark on, past times, was sufficient to render her talkative; and I can, with truth, say that I have never found her garrulity tedious or uninteresting.

I (an only child) never had a friend or companion of my own age; and, consequently, being completely thrown back on myself for amusement, I early became, what I have ever since continued to be; namely, a confirmed day-dreamer.

I have since heard it said that people living at that time in our neighborhood used to pity what they considered my loneliness. But, if any one had expressed that feeling for me then, I think I should have been surprised. I was not lonely. When I got a new book by any chance, I read it eagerly; when I did not get one, I fell back on my old library; laughed again with the Beau, washed his "two shirts" with his wife, or (albeit myself a born papist) slew the giant Popery with Christian. But chiefly and beyond even when reading, to use that most expressive line of Burns,—

"I ha'e been happy thinking."

We lived on one of the long, open quays of the city of C——, so that the river was always within my view; and there was, from one particular window of our house, a glimpse of it winding far away beneath two bridges into the country, of which there was also an *imitation*, in the shape of a green marsh, used for grazing and resting the cattle intended for our market; and even one *real* field, high and very far off, where, sometimes in the harvest, by straining my eyes very much, I could see men reaping.

The summer-time always found me, evening after evening, seated in this window, watching night as it slowly closed over the crowded city. Far-fetched as the idea may seem, it always reminded me of a child sinking softly to sleep—every thing so tended to express that day was ended—the gradual ceasing of the sounds caused by the stir and traffic of a busy town, as the rolling of the different vehicles, those of business or pleasure; the hushing of the various street cries, which



form, as it were, the hoarse voice of a city; the tradesman passing slowly homewards, bearing the instruments of his craft, or the laborer those of his toil; the mothers collecting their reluctant children from their play to bed; the still shadows of the houses on the opposite quay reflected in the clear water; the gray twilight, ever deepening into darkness over all, until the round moon rising, or the bright stars peeping each after other from the deep blue sky, it (although in all the bright beauty of summer) became night indeed. I have often since seen evening stealing over a landscape in the country; but to me, the town-bred, it never gave the same calm idea of the close of day, as when I watched it from my own old window at home.

I was nearly thirteen years old before my parents could be persuaded to part with me, even for a brief time; however, they were at length induced to permit me to pay a short visit to the aunt already mentioned. I was very glad myself to go; and yet, on the morning of my departure, I felt so sorry as to be almost on the point of begging to be let stay; but it was too late then to change my mind, and the close of a warm July evening found me descending the steep hill, at the foot of which nestled the pretty cottage farmhouse which, for the next month, was to be my home.

Unused to travelling, I was too tired on my arrival to notice any thing but the affectionate welcome of my kind old relative, and was soon asleep in a little white bed, where I woke in the morning to see the bright roses peeping in at me through the little casement (how glad I felt it was a casement, and not a stiff sash window!). of my room. They seemed inviting me out to play with them in a large, old-fashioned garden, which was their birth-place; and I was soon among them, running through the walks, and gathering the fresh strawberries with which they were bordered—every thing new and delightful to me, a happy, easily amused child.

Here again my fate of being companionless pursued me. I was the inmate of a widowed and a childless home; and, although a large family of cousins resided about a mile distant from my aunt's place, she steadfastly refused permission for me to visit them, even for a day, saying I was in her charge, and should not leave her until she gave me up safely again to my mother.

But in a week I was quite familiar with the entire neighborhood—the immediate neighborhood I mean, and rambled about it pretty much as I pleased.

I saw the grand old castle, of the lords and ladies, of which I had heard so much, towering in its gray sternness above its surrounding trees. I visited its old well, and ran down the hundred steps which led to it, peeping with awe into the subterranean passage, by means of which the lady of the castle, in Cromwell's time, sent a message to her absent lord; and bravely held out against Ireton until he was able to come to her relief.

I saw the farmhouse into which, in the time of the Irish Faction fights, an aged man was pursued, and had his head chopped off on his own hearthstone. I looked at the pretty little churchyard, which I was told was removed in one night by the fairies, from one side of the river to the other; and visited the ivied ruins of the old abbey of B——, so beautiful in their gentle decay, my very breathing growing soft as I trod lightly beneath its arches, and read the half-illegible inscriptions on the broken tombs, wherein the bones of past generations lay awaiting the call which was to clothe them again with their flesh, and to give back to them again the eyes “wherewith they were to see their Saviour.”

I pictured to myself scenes from the pride and the prostration of the old place, musing upon its foundation and its fall. Yet, with a strange waywardness, my fancy would withdraw itself from these more marked places, to fix itself on one spot apparently having no interest for any one but myself. It was a house situated on the top of a hill on the opposite side of the river which almost washed the abbey walls; to reach which we had to cross a high, old-fashioned bridge, and ascend a steep, rugged hill. This I did, day after day, for the mere purpose of gazing in through the large iron gate which, between two pillars of redstone, surmounted by two moss-grown and weather-stained urns, formed its entrance. There was a smaller gate for foot passengers, but no lodge. The house itself was also built of redstone, the corners and windows being faced with white. It had a high slanting roof, with tall chimneys, and stood very little in from the road, on a smooth green lawn, through which a stiff, formal-looking path led straight up to the hall-door. There were no trees or flower-beds near it, as are generally

seen; and as I never saw any person about the house or grounds, it had to me a singularly mysterious appearance.

I asked more than once, who lived there? and was told, carelessly, it was "Abbey View—Ralph Wilton's place;" nothing more. Yet no amount of carelessness could divest it of its interest for me; and wander where I would, some time of the day found me with my face pressed against the gate, gazing curiously at the lonely and deserted-looking mansion. At length (it was a few days before the day appointed for my return home) as I reached the old entrance, to my surprise the smaller gate was ajar; and more, the hall-door, and what I supposed the windows of a parlour beside it, were open. If Shakspeare speaks truly, that—

"Nice custom curtsies to great kings,"

I certainly on this occasion obliged her to perform a similar act of reverence to "great" curiosity, my anxiety to get one little peep into the interior of this strange place becoming so absolutely uncontrollable that, setting aside all propriety, I entered the open gate, and approached the spot around which my fancy had so long hovered. I had a vague idea of asking the way to some place, if any one met and questioned me—but, only a vague one—as, like a person in a dream, I advanced up the path which led to the house. I paused before one of the windows, and have only to close my eyes even at this moment, after the lapse of many years, to have the scene before my dreaming, as vividly as it then appeared before my waking vision.

It was a large, square room, the walls of which were stained green; the floor was uncarpeted, but white as snow, and "neatly sanded;" there was a creeping plant of some kind suspended in a flower-pot from the top of one window, and a cage with a brown linnet in it from the other. There was a queer-looking, old-fashioned sofa (or settee I believe it was called), covered in a bright-colored chintz. It had two turned off arms, but no back, and seemed to me to be quite as stiff and uncomfortable as the high-backed, mahogany chairs, which, with three or four tables, were ranged formally round the room; while about a half-dozen pieces of needle-work—done in chenil, on what must once have been white satin, and bearing the initials K. W. in the corners—decorated the walls.

There were also some book-shelves: on one near the window I could read the names of the books. They were—a volume of the "Gentleman's Magazine," "Burnet's History of his own Times," "Du Plessis Memoirs," some volumes of the "Spectator," and "Tillotson's Sermons." There was a large china bowl filled with rose-leaves on one of the tables, and on the chimney-piece were three inverted cups (with their saucers laid carefully on them), two tall glass vases (with a thick stripe like white tape twisting through them) filled with lavender, and above it a small oval mirror, with a few peacock-feathers stuck behind its tarnished frame. A slanting column of sunbeams filled the centre of the apartment, and a bee flying about made the stillness of the summer noon more marked by its drowsy hum; but, chiefly and above all, in a large arm-chair (covered with chintz like the sofa), reclined an old lady. As she sat she seemed small—small nearly as a child; with the neatest of little quilled cap-borders pinned beneath her chin, and a small white muslin cloak upon her shoulders.

As I was still leaning on the window seat, gazing in; my bonnet hanging by its strings upon my arm, she suddenly awoke, and fixed her eyes upon my face. She did not seem in the least surprised on seeing me, but said, "O Katty! home so soon, child?"

Katty! It was actually my own name: how did she know me? In my fright and confusion I was about to run away, when, to increase my astonishment, a hand was laid on my uncovered head; and looking round, I saw a gentleman, evidently a clergyman, standing behind me. He smiled good-naturedly at my bewildered countenance, and said:—

"She mistakes you for another; do not be alarmed."

But I said: "She called me Katty; and I am Katty."

Again he smiled at the simplicity of my remark, and replied, "It is the memory of old age forgetting or not heeding things passing daily around. Her thoughts return to her younger life; she imagines you to be one long since dead. You are the little girl staying at Mrs. Hendley's?" he continued. "You seem to walk about a great deal."

He saw I was too childishly shy to answer distinctly; so, taking my murmured words for

an affirmative, he added, "Now you are quite tired, you must come in and rest."

He led me by the hand into the parlor, where, even while we had been speaking, the old lady had again sunk into a doze.

"You look inclined to run away," he said; "but do not until I return, I will bring you some nice fruit, and show you a miniature of the namesake for whom you were mistaken."

CHAPTER II.

His kind tones encouraged me. I heard afterwards that he had noticed from his study window my daily visits to the gate; and asking my aunt, whom he had known all his life, about me, learned from her many of what she called my odd ways.

He was not long absent, and brought, as he had promised, some beautiful strawberries; he held also in his hand a dark-colored morocco case, which he promised to show me when I had eaten the fruit placed for me on the table. But he soon perceived, although my boldness in search of adventures had brought me into the midst of one, that I was now so painfully embarrassed as to be perfectly unable to swallow any thing, he said: "Well you must take them with you; and now for the picture."

He opened the case, and showed me the likeness of a young girl, with her hair, as far as I could judge, exactly the color of my own. It was a fair, happy-looking face, with glad, blue eyes, and a smiling, rosy mouth.

"This is the Katty the old lady meant," he said. "You are not like her, after all; you are paler, and have brown eyes."

Again my story-hunting propensity came over me. I looked up timidly at him, and asked, "Who was she?"

"She was my mother," he said, simply; "the only child of her who recollects her so long. She died when I was born."

How strange it was, that staid, middle-aged man, with gray hair, to be the son of that young creature; and that bright face, which made one glad almost to look upon it, to be for all the years of his life lying in the dark grave! I could not realize it at all.

"You look puzzled, little one," he said; "nevertheless, it is true: I, the gray-haired man, am the son of the golden-haired girl, whose fair head was laid in the clay so long ago; while the old mother is still left to dream of her; and fancy back her image, even until now."

As he spoke she turned her head towards us again, saying, "It is time you were at school, Katty; Ralph will go with you. Come, kiss me before you go."

"Go, dear," said her grandson, "it will gratify her."

And I went and offered, though with some reluctance, my lips to hers. They were icy cold, and chilled me, although her caress was most affectionate; but immediately after she stood up, put her hand on my shoulder, and gazing earnestly at me, said, in her sharp, querulous tones,—

"How is this? Your eyes used to be blue, child; it was Ralph's were brown. But no matter," she added, wearily; "go, go."

I was, by this time, very glad to do as she desired; and Mr. Wilton saw as much, for he said, "Come, now I will release you."

He put the strawberries in a little basket for me, the old lady taking no further notice of us, walked with me to the gate; and shaking hands kindly with me, said, "You are not to be peeping in any more; but come often and see me, I will always have a book and some fruit for you."

I scarcely know how I got home, I was so bewildered—half frightened, half delighted at my singular adventure; and finding it impossible to decide whether or not I should venture back again before my return home, which was to be in a few days.

However, it was decided for me without the necessity of my coming to any conclusion on the matter. Nearly the first sound I heard in the morning was the voice of one dairy-maid telling another the news.

"Old Madam Wilton, who has been so long childish, died in her chair last evening."

I returned home the day before the old lady's funeral, without having again seen her grandson. My aunt was too busy about her early harvest to have time to answer my many questions concerning them; and it was under the care of a kind neighbor, who happened to have business in C—, that I returned home.

I was in despair, I should not be able to hear any thing of the Wiltons for a long time. But, in telling my dear mother how my time in the country had been passed, my adventure at Abbey View was, of course, much dwelt on; and, to my great delight, she said immediately, "Ah! I recollect being taken there when I was a very little child, by some one,

and getting bread and honey from a young lady in white, with a blue sash. I remember thinking it queer she did not wear her hair as other people of that time did—it was not cut short, and curled on her forehead, but divided plainly, and falling in long, bright curls behind her ears. Perhaps it was wearing yours in that fashion which made the old lady mistake you for her. Ah!" she added, "how time flies! that is much over forty years ago."

"But how did she die?" I asked.

"I scarcely know, my child," she answered. "I was too young at the time to hear any thing of it; but I believe the story was a sad one."

Oh! what long evenings I have spent in my favorite window, dreaming over and over again my interview with Madame Wilton, and imagining all sorts of histories for her daughter; but it was not for a long time after I heard the true one from my aunt, who knew and loved her, and was present at her death.

"Katty Wilton," she said—"I never willingly speak of her, which is the reason why you have not before heard of her from me. Though rather above me in station, as we happened to be near neighbors, and about the same age, I a little elder, she was my dearest and earliest friend. She lived in the house which seemed to possess such a charm for you, with her mother, a widow, whose only child she was. They were very happy; not rich, but in easy circumstances, their only relative being a young man about five years older than Katty, and her first cousin, Ralph Wilton, who, also an only child, was the son of her father's elder brother, from whom he inherited a handsome fortune, and whose family seat, a place called The Grange, was situated about two miles from where they resided.

"I believe," said my aunt, "I am, or at least have been, in my earlier days, a person of very strong prejudices; but, certainly, for a very long time after the death of Katty I disliked the very sound of his name. But time softens the bitterest memory, and I have long ceased to remember him but as the clever, spirited boy who was our constant companion, and whose assistance Katty always sought for in her studies, or in our dearly loved out-door amusements. The idol of his aunt, who loved him even still more than she did her own beautiful child, she at once adored and destroyed him. Proud of the stately beauty of his appearance, his faults

she either could not or would not see—ever praising his generosity of mind and goodness of temper. Yet, young as I then was, I could perceive how almost impossible it was for him to be ill-tempered, when he was carefully guarded from even petty annoyances; or to display the obstinacy that I knew lurked within him, when every will in that small household bowed down before his own. But beneath an exterior manner which, united with his handsome, intelligent face, and fine form, would have charmed the most indifferent, lay a selfishness which, fostered by her over-indulgence, would accept almost any sacrifice for its own benefit; nay, more—would even, in its blindness to the feelings of others, be scarcely aware that it *was* a sacrifice; and a stubborn will which, once aroused by opposition, would defy all efforts to influence, much more to dictate to it.

"She was herself, too, a petty-minded woman; for all her human interest had narrowed itself to the desire of securing what she deemed the happiness of her daughter and her nephew. Nor do I believe she could be made to understand that any thing done to forward it could be very wrong.

"From the very birth of the little girl their marriage had been planned by the parents; and on the death of her father, and of his father and mother, while both were very young, the design was yet cherished by the surviving widow.

"It was strange how her heart was set upon it, settled as it had been by those she had loved and lost. She used often to say her worst death-pang would be to die without being able to take the news of their union to those whom she trusted to meet in heaven.

"Alas! how little she foresaw how her wish was to be granted, yet denied. Brought up together, as I have already said, they were affectionately attached to each other; and their present cousinly love would, in time, very probably have deepened into the desired feeling, if left to itself; but, on Ralph's attaining his majority, his aunt imprudently revealed to him the family plot; when immediately all the latent wilfulness of his character burst forth—he would not look on his cousin as his future wife; he would choose for himself; he had ever thought of her as a sister. The thing was absurd, impossible; and, in all the dignity of his lately acquired



freedom of action, he at once quitted that part of the country for Dublin—at that time a very gay metropolis. His aunt, with much want of tact in dealing with such a character, by her endeavors to prevent his going, merely rendered him more fixed in his determination to oppose her. Yet she still persuaded herself that he would soon weary of absence, and return, when all would go on well. While Katty, innocent and unconscious of the whole affair, was grieved and startled at witnessing the first quarrel she had ever seen occur in the family, and strove with her gentle, loving ways to make peace between them. She wept bitterly at their parting, and begged he would not be long absent; but could obtain no promise from him, beyond a vague one that he would write sometimes.

"Two years passed over, the young girl daily becoming more lovely and more lovable, and yet he had not returned. An occasional letter told them he was well, and enjoying all the amusements of town—but nothing more.

"About that time, however, after a longer silence than usual, came directions to have The Grange House set in order, he was coming home; and from the alterations ordered to be made there, it was evident he was not to return alone. As suddenly came a message—he had changed his mind, and would not come for some time longer. But, unexpectedly again, came a short note to his aunt: 'He hoped to reach The Grange on the following evening, with Mrs. Ralph Wilton, his wife. He had been for some weeks married.'

"It was a terrible blow to his aunt. The one hope of her life destroyed by it, she seemed suddenly aged, yet too proud to quarrel openly. She visited the newly wedded pair, although her intercourse with them was cold and formal.

"The wife, who had won Ralph from his cousin, was a French lady, the daughter of a refugee, it was said, of high rank. She had no relatives, and would have been completely alone in the world, but for an elderly woman, also French, who acted as her maid, and who seemed devotedly attached to her. For herself, she was certainly over thirty, with a sallow complexion, and little beauty of feature, except her eyes, which were dark and lustrous; and exquisite teeth, which a very pleasing smile occasionally revealed. Her manner to her husband was too cold, at least

before strangers, to give one the idea of her possessing much affection for him; it seemed as if she rather permitted herself to be loved, than that she loved herself: or that, having suffered much in the course of her life, she had now little or no energy to display, even if she were capable of entertaining any thing like strong feeling. Completely broken-spirited, but gentle and amiable, she would, I think, have made him happy if she could, or if she had been received and encouraged as she should have been by her husband's nearest relative, but that could not be. They were, indeed, an ill-assorted pair; for, while he, in his fresh young manhood, was eager for life and its enjoyments, she, in her somewhat faded womanhood, seemed only desirous of peace—I had nearly said only the peace of the grave.

"Yet at first he was fascinated by her, watching her every look, and seeming to think himself fully rewarded by one of her gentle looks or smiles; but soon, I fancied, his infatuation was wearing off, and I observed him more than once, when the families happened to meet, contrasting, and that not favorably, the sweet face of his young cousin with the rather worn, although still elegant, countenance of his chosen wife.

"Katty made many kind-hearted efforts to be intimate with her, but in vain; they were either secretly thwarted by her mother, or she was chilled and disappointed by the cold indifference of the wife. Possessing none of the vivacity of her nation, all society was irksome to her; though her attendant hinted it had not been always so, giving it as an excuse, that her father, for whom she still wore mourning, was only very recently dead. By degrees she ceased to visit at the few places in her neighborhood, even at Mrs. Wilton's, whom very soon she seemed instinctively to shun; and consequently The Grange became a dull and lonely place indeed.

"Gradually the young husband sought elsewhere the amusement denied him at home, and, before many months, had entirely returned to his old habits of intimacy with Katty, his real home being at his aunt's place, more than at his own. The old lady was at the time much blamed for encouraging his visits, some even whispering that, disappointed as she had been in her own hope, she was desirous of rendering her nephew and his wife as disunited as possible. I much fear such

was really the case. If it was she was afterwards fearfully punished for it.

"About that time," continued my aunt, "I was myself married to your Uncle Hendley, and of course less with Katty than I used to be; but rumor, as usual, busy about a place from which people were excluded, soon began to speak of quarrels at The Grange—betrayed as such things ever are by the gossip of servants, as well as by the solitary walks of the neglected wife, who was now sinking into hopeless ill-health.

"I paid little attention to these reports at first, until I heard the names of Ralph and Katty coupled in a way which shocked me. I went more than once to Abbey View, with the intention of speaking to my friend on the subject, to beg she would withdraw herself more from the society of her cousin; but, looking on her true, glad face, I did not dare to insult her by even a breath of suspicion. That he loved her now, who had formerly so wilfully rejected her, nobody seeing him with her could doubt; that she loved him was also equally plain—but without yet suspecting the nature of her own feelings. Yet who could say how long she would remain so unconscious?—a look or word might enlighten her.

"I thought to appeal to him, but a moment's reflection told me how useless it would be. He heard as much of the scandal of the neighborhood as I did, and yet, true to the native selfishness of his character, would not deny himself one hour of her company, even to spare her from being the object of much coarse remark.

"Her mother, I knew also, *would not* interfere. She was evidently looking forward to the death of the Frenchwoman, as she always called her, and so to the marriage she so longed for, and to which she perceived the life (for the close of which she watched so eagerly) was now the only obstacle.

"I have been seldom," went on my aunt, "so unhappy as I was at that period. But do not misunderstand me," she added, quickly, as if jealous that even a thought should wrong her whom she so cared for. "I did not fear the innocence, but for the happiness of my pure-hearted darling. Yes, even at this distance of time, I can solemnly aver that I have never in the course of my long life met one so entirely free from even a trace of guile or falsehood as she—that innocent victim of the sins, or at least faults, of others.

## CHAPTER III.

"It was soon known that Mrs. Ralph Wilton was altogether confined to her own room, dying, and left entirely to the care of her foreign attendant; her husband seldom indeed giving himself the trouble of even inquiring for her—his aunt not at all. She also strictly forbade Katty's calling at The Grange, as she chose to say the illness of the sufferer was low fever, and that she dreaded its contagion for her daughter. I went there two or three times, but was denied admittance: probably her attendant fancied I went more through curiosity than kindness, and so the poor broken-hearted woman was left to die alone. I heard afterwards that she felt this neglect keenly, sometimes blaming herself for her great mistake in suffering herself to be persuaded into a marriage with one so much younger than herself—one who, seeking her in boyish caprice, had so soon flung her, like the possessed plaything of a child, wantonly aside, to grasp at another; at other times blaming his relatives for keeping him from her, and yet by her fretfulness and sour remarks always driving him away in anger on the occasions of his rare visits to her bedside. At length, as they never met but to quarrel, he avoided her altogether; and it was only as she was expiring, that the clergyman, who latterly attended her, forced him into her chamber; but she was then incapable of knowing him, and died in a few minutes.

"But she had scarcely breathed her last, when a fearful scene took place in the very presence of the corpse. Marie, her maid, in a burst of grief and anger, accused Ralph of being the cause of her death; cursed him, his aunt, and his fair-faced cousin, whom she vowed she hated, and on whom she swore to be revenged. He, in his turn, accused his dead wife of having married him merely for expediency, and the woman of being the cause of much misery between them; and ended a most disgraceful argument, by ordering her to quit his house. This she refused to do, and persisted in staying beside the remains of her late mistress, until they were laid in the family tomb of the Wiltons, in the old abbey, when she immediately quitted that part of the country. Nor was it ever clearly known whether or not she ever revisited it.

"Mrs. Wilton did not even affect grief at

the death of her nephew's wife, but sent Katty away on a visit to some friends. She returned home in about three months; and at the end of the first year of mourning it did not surprise any one to hear the cousins were to be married immediately. They were married, to the pride and joy of the old lady, and at once took up their residence at The Grange. The winning and artless manner of the fair young wife soon removed any former prejudice people might have felt against her, rendering her a favorite with all. And, to complete their happiness, the following summer found her in daily expectation of becoming a mother."

Here my aunt became much affected, dwelling again and again on the grace and beauty of Katty, and marvelling much how the sins and faults of others should be avenged on her unoffending head, professing at the same time her implicit belief that the strange occurrence she was about to relate was not a mere trick of the imagination, but a real and true fact.

"It was a warm summer day," she continued, "the very bloom of the year. The Grange garden was one flush of roses, while already the mowers were busy in the meadows with their swift gleaming scythes. I loitered more than once on my way to visit my dear friend, looking at their pleasant labors, until meeting Ralph Wilton in one of his fields, not far from the house, I stood to speak to him. He told me he was waiting for Katty, who had promised to join him before now, adding, laughingly, she was growing lazy. I told him my stay would be short, as the people were also busy at my own home; when he said, 'Then I will wait for her here. Bring her with you, on your return.'

"I walked on, but as I reached the end of the shaded path leading to the house, I met a servant running breathlessly towards me. The mistress was ill! Messengers had already been sent for the doctor and her mother. She was going to tell the master he was wanted at once.

"It was a thing to be expected any day; and yet I felt as startled as if such had not been the case. But hastening on, I passed quickly through the hall, glancing through the open door of the pleasant parlor, around which were scattered so many tokens of her late presence, and went at once up-stairs to her room. I found her lying on the bed, still

dressed as she had been in the morning. She must have been out of doors too, for her bonnet, gloves, and a large shawl lay on the floor, as if hastily thrown off; while an elderly woman, one of the servants, was bending over her, speaking some words of encouragement. She did not seem to heed her; neither did she notice me as I spoke to her, kissing her fondly. Young and inexperienced as I was, her face frightened me; the fair, soft features were pinched and wan, and there was a look of stony horror in her eyes, for which I knew no amount of physical suffering incidental to her situation could account.

"As I was yet bending over her, the door opened; a hand put me hastily aside, and the next moment she was pressed fast to her husband's heart. I saw at once he had some strange presentiment of evil. Yet, true to the one love of her life, his very presence seemed to rouse her; for, unnoticing any one else, she clung to him, as if his close embrace was a safe refuge from all danger, but still in total silence. He drew her head upon his bosom, kissing with passionate love her soft mouth, her eyes, and rich golden hair, as he implored her to speak to him—even one word. She evidently heard him, and tried to do so; but her white lips had no power to obey her will: they either remained dry and apart, or, moving convulsively, gave forth no sound. It was clear she had received some terrible shock, and was still under its influence.

"I asked Ralph to leave her to me, while he sent another messenger to hasten the arrival of the doctor; and laying her back on the pillow, he was about to do so, when the terror of his quitting her, even for a moment, apparently overcame whatever other fear had so paralyzed her, for with a wild shriek the power of speech returned, and springing upright, she hung upon his neck, crying out, 'Do not leave me; do not leave me, ever again.'

"My love," he said, 'I will be near or with you always.'

"Always!' she repeated. 'My always, here, will be short. She came to me; she, the Frenchwoman—your wife. She spoke to me from among the trees, as I passed down the walk, to meet you in the meadow. I am to die to-night. I am never to see the face of our child.'

"He started, and grew pale, although he made an attempt to speak cheerfully to her.

'My darlings,' he said, 'you are nervous. What could have made you fancy such a thing?'

"It was not fancy, Ralph," she answered, speaking in a low, appalled tone. 'How could I feel nervous in the broad noonday, going to meet you? It was very warm; and I walked slowly. I remember now; I was thinking, as I often do, when alone, of our child. But, Ralph, Ralph,' she cried out, again growing wildly excited. 'Tell me, it was not true what she said—that I had no claim on you; that you did not love me; that you rejected me, at first, for her. Oh! if my child lives, shall I not, even in my grave, have a stronger claim on you than she had? Shall I not have been the mother of your child?'

"My wife, my love, now and ever my love," he exclaimed, 'even when in boyish wilfulness I cast you from me. Do not speak so of the grave, to me. I will not part from you. God will not take you from me.'

"And, in their agony, unconsciously, each clasped the other in an embrace, which seemed to defy even death to sunder, his face hidden on her shoulder; while upon the sweet-scented summer air which filled the otherwise silent chamber, arose the fearful sound of a strong man's sobs. I stood looking on, the big tears half blinding me, longing anxiously for the arrival of those who had been sent for, as I knew it was right they should be separated, and yet possessing neither the heart nor courage to attempt doing so.

"After a time, Ralph raised his head; and Katty, speaking again, but very gently, said, 'Remember, dearest, to love our child. Remember, always, how I would have loved it, if I had been spared; but, remember also,' she added, as with her hand she put back the thick, dark hair from his brow, and gazed on his face, as if she would impress its every lineament on her memory for eternity, 'that if we had spent a long life together, bringing up, not one but many, children, dearly as I should have loved them all, the first place in my heart should ever have been their father's. I have heard it said,' she went on, in a sort of dreamy, absent manner, 'that some women love their sons and daughters better than their husbands; but I do not think it can be so. I love my little unborn child, and have often endeavored to picture to myself its pretty baby ways. I have often been, as it were, jealous of myself for you, lest I should

love it better than you; but I know now I never could love any one, not even my poor mother or my child, as I love you.'

"Her words seemed to pierce his very soul; for, with a sudden change in the manner of his anguish, he put her away from him, almost with violence, crying, 'Girl, how dare you torture me so? How dare you tell me you are to die? It is all mad folly. You are much better now than when I came in.'

"As he spoke, I looked with wonder on Katty's face; the expression of horror had completely passed away; but a cold, un pitying smile now played round her lips, as she lay watching her husband: she seemed rather pleased than grieved at his agony. I think, indeed, that it did please her, as it seemed a proof of the love which had been so lately called in question. But such a feeling could not remain long in the sweet, unselfish mind of Katty; and soon again she had drawn him to her, soothing and consoling him as if he had been a child, yet ever impressing on him her unalterable conviction that she was to die that night—that she was never to see the face of her child. She also gave him much calm advice as to his future conduct, which only the more clearly proved to me the simple, unpretending good sense which I always knew lay veiled beneath her playful, childlike manner. But he heard all her loving words without making even the slightest effort to strengthen or console her in return. Hers was, indeed, the stronger spirit. Where she was resigned he was despondent, completely stricken down and unmanned. He had no pity for any one but himself; and looking on his selfish grief, unchristian as the feeling may seem, I felt that I scarcely pitied so much as I despised him.

"At length, to my great relief, the doctor and her mother arrived, when, with a manner from which all terror had now passed away, she desired that a clergyman (the Wiltons were Protestants) should be also sent for. After some useless remonstrance it was done, when she again repeated, in his presence, her unvarying and clearly told tale. She was going to meet Ralph, walking down the shaded walk near the house, when, from the midst of the trees, she heard the voice of the Frenchwoman, Ralph's wife. She could not have been mistaken; it was her foreign tone and peculiar manner of pronouncing English words. She did not see her; but the voice



said, distinctly, 'Go not further on your way to meet the husband on whom you have no claim, who never loved you, rejecting you as he did for me; return to the home you are never again to leave alive, to give birth to the child whose face you are never to behold.'

"She said she could not recollect how she got home. She only remembered flinging off her bonnet and shawl, but nothing more, until Ralph came, when the dread of his leaving her again, even for a moment, roused her from her stupor.

"It was in vain her mother argued with her, endeavoring to persuade her all this was a mere trick of her imagination. She remained steadfast in the belief, as I do to this day, that it was really the Frenchwoman who spoke to her. Some very wise people," said my aunt, "would have it that it was her maid who imitated the voice of her late mistress on the occasion, for the purpose of avenging her death, as she had sworn to do, particularly as a half-witted boy, who lived near the abbey, said he had seen her in that neighborhood on the day in question; but I do not believe any thing of the kind, and am still perfectly certain it was really the spirit of the departed foreigner that addressed her.

"The doctor, from the beginning, did not seem to think the case would go on well; real or fancied, he said the prophecy had made such an impression on her mind, that he feared much it would fulfil itself. And he was right. I had early sent home to tell of Kitty's trouble, and that I would not return until it was over. Alas! it was over soon. Her illness now came on quickly, and after a few hours of sharp suffering the Ralph Wilton of your acquaintance was born; and in half an hour after, she being during that time totally insensible, the young mother lay dead, while the unhappy father was by main force torn from the body, and taken raving mad from the room. She was, indeed, dead before night. She had never looked upon the face of her child.

"Of what use is it now to dwell on the wild, ungoverned grief of the husband—on the hopeless woe of the mother? At that time, in my own deep sorrow, I neither sympathized with nor pitied them. I thought of her, the helpless, friendless stranger, whom his obstinacy had brought among them, and whom his heartless neglect had hastened, after much unhappiness, to the grave. I thought of the cold calculation with which the old woman had watched that declining life—the triumphant joy with which she hailed its close; and, gazing on my darling as she lay in her still, pale loveliness, so young and so innocent, so beautiful and so good, in the depth of my

heart I accused them of her death. Yes, upon her head I knew had fallen the punishment of their selfish sins; and yet, after all, perhaps her fate was the best—better than that of her husband; his was not a character likely to be improved by grief—affliction, far from softening, on the contrary rendered him fierce and rebellious against the Almighty hand which smote him; and, immediately on his recovery from the fever which at her death had stricken him down, he again, and forever, quitted his home; nor could any thing on earth, not even the memory of Kitty's dying words, prevail on him even to bestow one look on the poor little child. The rest of his short life was one tale of the wildest dissipation—of the most reckless extravagance; so that, on his death, in about five years after that of his wife, all his own property being entirely gone, he left little Ralph altogether dependent on his grandmother.

"She also led a sad and lonely life. She did her duty in all things by her grandson, but, I think, never felt any warm or genuine affection for him; all the deep love of her nature had been bestowed on the two she had lost. She could never again feel even towards their child as she once did to themselves. Her cold manner had an effect on the boy as he grew up, rendering him strange and retiring. She caused him to enter into holy orders, because it was usual to have a clergyman in the family: her own husband had been one; but he soon withdrew from the duties of the ministry, and lives, as you see, the life of a plain country gentleman, which his present means just enable him to do. He resembles his father in person, but possesses all his mother's kindness of manner and great benevolence of heart. I have often wished he would marry," said my aunt; "but that is not likely; with him, I think, will die the last of the Wiltons."

So was satisfied my longing desire of hearing something of the old house and its inmates. She who told me their unhappy story has been for some time dead, but not before the death of the son of her old—I had nearly written of her young—friend. He obtained permission to assist the clergyman of his parish the dreadful year of the last famine in Ireland, and died of fever caught in his attendance on one of the many sufferers from that malignant disease during that awful period. His small property has passed to a distant relative bearing another name; and I am told many alterations have been made in the old place; while the gateway, against which I have so often leant to look in, has been wholly taken away. I was sorry when I heard of this, though there is nothing less likely than that I shall ever look upon that spot again.

From The Examiner.

*George Canning and his Times.* By Augustus Granville Stapleton. Parker and Son.

CANNING'S ambition, which this volume abundantly displays, was not only for high office, but also for good name. Early in his career we find him writing to his most familiar correspondent, Lord Boringdon, afterwards Earl Morley, a long letter detailing his mind upon political affairs, though on the same evening his correspondent was to dine with him. On a post journey from London to Ickworth with Mr. Stapleton—the author of this book—his private secretary, Mr. Canning poured out the recollection of his life since leaving college, without stop, till the travellers reached Cambridge. During another journey of the same kind, he resumed the thread of his narrative, and often he improved the time during long walks into the country, by explaining fully to his secretary what he was about. "I tell you these things," he would say, "that you may know them hereafter."

Having such knowledge, and having also access to unpublished papers that, when written, were of the most confidential character, there can be no doubt that Mr. Stapleton has some essential qualifications for his present office. He can add precision to our views of the career of his friend and patron, and for this task he is not the less qualified because his mind appears to have become thoroughly fixed in the opinions of Canning. Whatever George Canning believed Mr. Stapleton believed, and still believes. He seems to have added nothing to the old round of ideas communicated to his mind, and to have modified none of his opinions as a political thinker since he suddenly stopped growing on the day when, in the first enjoyment of his long-sought honor as a Premier, Canning died. The political mind of Mr. Stapleton did not survive its parent. It has been kept in balm, and now being thirty-two years old as a mummy, its mouth opens,—let the Talking Fish be mute!—it speaks.

But the value of the book lies partly in this. No doubt we must be content to understand that the talk of a mummy will be dry, and we know no book of the same value as Mr. Stapleton's that equals it for dryness. There is no present life in it at all. We may as well look through the bandages that swathe

the departed eyes of one of Pharaoh's incense-bearers for a gleam of light, as expect any living twinkle to light up the words of the departed Mr. Canning's private secretary. But if a mummy really spoke, how carefully we should note all that came out of its tuneless throat! How precious would his chronicle become even by reason of his having been blinded and bandaged for so many years! There would be nothing to fear from the anachronisms of feeling and opinion through which the living strive, so commonly in vain, to push their way to a true understanding of the past. Now we have this great merit in Mr. Stapleton. He does not tell the Life of Canning, but attests the accuracy of the dates in Mr. Therry's memoir prefixed to the published speeches, takes for granted that all general details are known, and speaks to those who already know much about Canning as one who knows more. To the perfect study of George Canning this book will henceforward be essential. It is a faithful record of the impression left by his own confidential talk over details of his political career, and it contains also illustrative and explanatory matter in a large collection of letters and memoranda, dockets, notes of the heads of speeches, and other documents from Canning's hand.

Some recollections of the living man are furnished us by Mr. Stapleton, but they are few.

"During his last tenure of office, when he was about to make an important speech, his whole mind was absorbed with it for two, or perhaps, three days, beforehand. He spared no labor in obtaining and in arranging his materials. He always drew up a paper (which he used in the House), with the heads, in their order, of the several topics on which he meant to touch, and these heads were numbered, and the numbers sometimes extended to four or even five hundred. At these periods he was not easy of approach; interruption irritated him, except it related to the matter in hand. Before going down to the House he was taciturn and thoughtful, with his mind earnestly bent on the task which he had to go through. The speech delivered, he was an altered man; all his natural ease of manner returned; he was free from the weight, not of having gone through a fine piece of acting, but of having discharged a serious duty, to discharge which he had devoted the best energies of his mind. Those who saw and watched these processes

knew well enough that they were not the processes through which an actor would pass.

The last sentence refers to a criticism of Lord Brougham on the character of Canning's eloquence, but Mr. Stapleton is here half enlivened not only to a reply but a retort:—

"Beyond general expressions of praise, or dispraise of a particular speech, I do not think that Mr. Canning has left behind him any criticism of Lord Brougham's oratory; but, I recollect one day, when riding on the Downs near Brighton, telling him that I had received a letter from London, stating that Mr. Brougham was dangerously ill. 'Poor fellow!' said Mr. Canning, 'I am very sorry to hear it;' and then, after a minute's pause, he added, 'If he should be taken from the House of Commons, there will be no one left to pound and mash.'"

In the following passage from a letter to Lord Boringdon, discussing at the close of the last century the propriety of striving to secure an advance to a secretaryship of state possibly to become vacant, there is honest evidence of character:—

"You must not suppose that I am insensible to the danger and to the impolicy of shocking public opinion, still less that I would willingly hurt the feelings of one individual, who could justly consider their rights to be invaded, or their fair claims overlooked, in my promotion. Of the three who are immediately before me, two would, I have good reason to believe, peremptorily decline the office, if proposed to them, the third, whose claims are certainly indisputable, if he chooses to press them, might be inclined to take it, unless such an arrangement could be contrived as would satisfy him in some other manner.

As to the public, if age were the point most liable to objection, in the first place it might be very possible, the business being once determined, to adjourn the execution of it beyond even the end of the session—to the end of the Parliament perhaps—by which time that objection would be much softened, if not done away. And, I confess, supposing no other impediment, I should think it a little hard that in times certainly not remarkable for tardy rise in any of the professions of this country, or in any other countries in the world, that when, in so many instances in politics, those who fill the highest situations have all risen to them at an early time of life, and have not filled them the less usefully (I do not mean to quote Pitt, of course—he is a monster of talents, that cannot be drawn into a precedent, but I might mention, without too much arrogance, Lord Castlereagh, now two

years minister of Ireland; the speaker,\* soon after thirty, placed in a chair which was supposed, of all other things, to require years to fill it; Lord Grenville, before that age, speaker and secretary of state); it would, I say, be a little hard that, amidst all these instances of early advancement, one person should be selected as a victim to ancient prejudice; should be required to go through all the forms, to keep all his terms regularly, and to advance only step by step, till he should arrive at the objects of ambition in a green old age; and I shall feel a little impatient if I were to be that person."

But from a subsequent letter this passage should be added to the preceding:—

"I must act as I think right. My road must be through *character* to power; that I may take this road and miss the end, is very possible; nay, that by acting as I think right, I may not, as surely as I expect it, get even to my second stage—character—is very possible also; but *that* I cannot help; I will try no other course; and I am sanguine enough to believe that, after all, this course, though not perhaps the quickest, is the surest."

In a note relative to the unexpected degree of success in the division on the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Currency Resolution, December 26, 1825, there is very complete illustration of the incompetency of Whippers-in to the last generation. Sir William Hayter was an unknown power in those days.

"The division on the resolution was most unexpected, two hundred and twenty-two for, to thirty-nine against, the division being taken on the principle of the measure. Mr. Canning thus records his sentiments:—

"(Private.)

"Foreign Office, Feb. 11, 1826.

"MY DEAR GRANVILLE,—The result of last night cannot surprise you more, after my letter on Friday, than I am myself surprised at it, as compared with the reports made to me by our wise people of the House of Commons, on which that letter was founded.

"So strong was their impression, and consequently mine, of the danger which we ran, that I wrote to the king on the same day that I did to you, to prepare his majesty for the possible result.

"Happily the event has contradicted all the apprehensions which were entertained; though it by no means disproves the justice of them. There certainly was an attempt at combination, the success of which was as much magnified in the expectations of the conspirators, as it was in the fears of the treasury; and till the division was near at hand, nobody ven-

\* Addington.

tured to calculate on so enormous a disparity of numbers.

"The question may be considered as decided.

"The conduct of the Opposition generally, and that of Brougham particularly, has been honorable and praiseworthy in the highest degree. I should not be sorry that it came round to Brougham that I so feel it.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"GEO. CANNING."

Mr. Stapleton's views upon Parliamentary reform, though he applies them in a ghostly manner to the present day, are those of his Gamaliel, concerning whom, in relation to this subject, we may quote one recollection:—

"It was in April, 1821, when Mr. Canning was out of office, that Mr. Lambton brought forward his motion of reform, the debate on which met with an abrupt termination. On the first night there was an adjournment: Mr. John Cam Hobhouse having concluded the evening with a fierce attack upon Mr. Canning. On the morrow, when the debate was resumed, I went down to the House to hear his defence. I remember his walking up the House at half-past seven, with a book under his arm, evidently well prepared. But the Opposition seats were mostly empty. Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor had invited them to an early dinner, at which were present the mover, Mr. Lambton, and the assailant, Mr. Hobhouse. They were enjoying the pleasures of the table, in the confident expectation that Mr. Canning would not speak before nine o'clock. He had hardly, however, entered the House, before the debate began to flag: nobody rose on either side. At last, Mr. Vansittart, who was then the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was put up to speak against time. He had not spoken above ten minutes, before it became painfully evident that he was nearly pumped dry. Those present grew alarmed lest they should, after all, lose Mr. Canning's speech. Their alarms were too well founded; in another five minutes Mr. Vansittart's well was exhausted; no one rose on either side. Mr. Canning not choosing to speak in the absence of his opponents, a division took place. While it was going on, the dinner-party arrived at the door of the House, and, to the intense disgust of the mover, found that the motion was being irrevocably disposed of, for good or for evil.

"As has been already stated, Mr. Canning was in the habit of putting down notes for his speeches from which he spoke. There is now before me the very elaborate paper which he had prepared for this occasion, in which the number of headings amount to four hundred. On the first page is this autograph note.

"Prepared for Mr. Lambton's motion in April, 1821, but not used. The debate having gone off on the second day, by a sudden division before eight o'clock. G. C.

"And perhaps it was well that it did so go off. For Mr. Canning was always fully persuaded that his assailant, Mr. Hobhouse, was the author of a pamphlet which he considered as suggestive of his assassination. He had sent to the publisher of that pamphlet, for the anonymous author, an indignant letter, of which no notice was taken. These circumstances explain the following headings in the manuscript in question:—

"391. But in or out of office.

"392. The Constitution is my object of worship.

"393. And in this her temple.

"394. For that obloquy.

"395. For that demonstration.

"396. For that designation, and I pretty well know by what pen, to the dagger of the assassin.

"397. But it is past—the danger and the scorn.

"398. Let them rail, or let them repent.

"399. My course is the same.

"400. And while I have the strength, I desire no other duty than that of doing my best in defence of a form of government which, if destroyed, could not be replaced, and which may yet afford shelter and glory to generations who will know how to value and preserve it."

There is valuable illustration in this book of such matters as the duel with Castlereagh, Canning's position with the king in regard to the trial of Queen Caroline, his course in the Catholic Relief question, Foreign Affairs, intrigues of Metternich (whom Canning described in one letter as "a r—— and l——"), grounds of the want of cordiality between Canning and the Duke of Wellington, and so forth. There is also a chapter in which the first Duke of Buckingham figures unfavorably. His grace, who "was a very fat man," having gone on board the ship ordered to convey the new governor-general to India, had privately reported her "too deep in the water to be pleasant." This prompted an obvious joke from Canning, and with that the chapter opens. Then follow letters by and relating to his grace, of whom Canning wrote to his friends only as "the phat duke," or the Ph. D., from which letters the inference is to be drawn that he was not altogether honest in self-seeking.

We pass to the closing scenes. Mr. Sta-



pleton was present at the funeral of the Duke of York when Canning received the fatal chill to which is ascribed the early end of his career.

"It took place in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, on a bitter cold night at the end of January. The Cabinet ministers dined at Canon Long's, a brother of the late Lord Farnborough. I was with Mr. Canning, and we slept there. Lord Liverpool was unwell at Bath, drinking the waters. Lord Westmorland was expected, but had not arrived; dinner was served, and we sat down. Bets were jokingly offered by some members of the Cabinet, that Lord Westmorland was wandering about the cloisters; at any rate, that he had, or would make some mistake as to where he was to come. In the midst of the discussion, Lord Westmorland was heard, asking in a loud voice at the door, 'Is this Sir Charles Long's?' Now Sir Charles Long was Lord Farnborough, and the house was his brother's; this predicted confusion was a source of amusement to the party. It was a collar night, but Lord Westmorland had left his (garter) collar behind him."

"After dinner the Cabinet were summoned by the heralds to the chapel. I kept with Mr. Canning, and walked with him, so I was an eye-witness of what passed. The procession was marshalled, royal dukes and all, on the east side of the aisle by the door where the coffin was to enter. A delay of two hours took place. No provision had been made for it; the bare stones were not even covered with matting. The cold was great, and Lord Chancellor Eldon seemed to feel it much. Mr. Canning, with his usual kindness of heart, grew uneasy about him, perhaps the more so, because he knew he was unfriendly; so to prevent the cold damp of the stones striking through his shoes, he made him lay down his cocked hat and stand upon it; when, at last, he got weary of so standing, he put him in a niche of carved work, where he was just able to stand on wood. I remember there was something very benevolent in Mr. Canning's manner, although the story afterwards excited some laughter."

Mr. Stapleton's book closes with an inscription of his own composing, originally designed for the pedestal of the statue by Chantrey, which in Westminster Abbey has engraved upon its back, "Thus Canning stood." Mr. Stapleton's inscription is a curiosity of clumsiness. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth may speak, but it is

not given to every man who means well and feels deeply to write sermons upon stones. However, as the inscription for the tomb does serve for a summary of Mr. Stapleton's impressions of his hero, while there is a propriety about the monumental form of speech in such a book as this (which might have been composed entirely, as the dead speak, in the way of epitaph), we must endeavor to find room for it:—

GEORGE CANNING.

BORN APRIL 11, 1770. DIED AUGUST 8, 1827.

By the happy union of transcendent genius with inflexible integrity,

He raised himself to the highest offices in the State.

The contest between the rival spirits of unlimited Monarchy and unlimited Democracy Was the leading feature of his time.

On the European Continent each in its turn prevailed, with its own peculiar mischief; The whirlwind of Revolution in France establishing anarchy and terror;

The meddling Oppression of the Holy Alliance generating universal discontent.

With a consistency not the less steadfastly adhered to, because it was studiously misrepresented,

GEORGE CANNING

Stood forth the undaunted and uncompromising opponent of these two spirits of evil.

When Jacobinism raged, he laid bare its horrors, And saved his Country from being deluded by its advocates.

When the Constitution was in peril from open foes and insidious friends, He repulsed the assaults of the one, and quashed the experiments of the other.

A judicious supporter of true liberty, he consolidated the independence of the New World:

By dissolving the Holy Alliance he restored national freedom to the Old.

Upholding, without bigotry, established institutions,

He was the first to remedy any practical grievance. By the safe Liberality of his measures, he gave confidence to the loyal, and amongst the disaffected diffused content.

Fearless in the midst of danger, when Napoleon threatened

The independent existence of Britain, he sustained by his

Manly eloquence the sinking courage of his Country,

And pointed out the path to those victories with which it pleased

Almighty God ultimately to crown her efforts.

Avowedly making the interest of England the grand object of his policy,

He disarmed the envy of surrounding Nations, by teaching them to look to British prosperity as the best security for their own.

He had the rare satisfaction of receiving, whilst he yet lived, that homage from his Opponents, which is too often but the posthumous reward of genuine Patriotism.

He died deeply lamented by Foreign Nations, But still more regretted by his own.

## ITALY'S PARTIAL SUCCESSES.

## A SONG FROM THE "MONITEUR."

CONFOUND you Italians! myself, you rascals,  
Your conduct extremely distresses,  
Great objects unheeding—these hence not suc-  
ceeding—

You seek little partial successes.

Successes so little, that we gain no tittle,

My policy all in a mess is,  
Because you derange it, and force me to change  
it,

By those little partial successes.

I feel an objection to that wrong direction

In which your new freedom progresses:

Your princes expelling, and thus by rebelling,

You win little partial successes.

I had for you other designs which you bother—

In short, what I wish to impress is,

My end whilst I'm bent on, your own you're in-  
tent on—

All those little partial successes.

—Punch.

## THE ENGLISH VANDAL.

"The memorials at the Redan have been re-  
spected. There is disfiguring writing upon them,  
but it is *English*."—*Times Correspondent*.

Yes, pious hands, on the Redan,  
Raised tributes to our brave who fell;  
The valiant Russian is a man,  
The Russian guards those tombstones well.  
Yet scribbles on the stone you scan,  
Who scrawled them, all too plain they tell.  
'Tis the vulgar dog of an Englishman,  
The scrawling, scribbling Englishman,  
Who would scratch his name, for "a bit of a  
game."

On the Koh-i-Noor, would the Englishman.  
His name's on all statues, all over St. Paul's,  
On marble slabs, and on whitewashed walls,  
Where scarcely a monkey or schoolboy crawls  
You'll find the coarse and contemptible scrawls  
Of the mischievous ass, the Englishman.

On Pompey's Pillar he makes his sign,  
On the Pyramid's top he cuts his line,  
On the Crystal Palace's tower so fine,  
There is not a rafter that does not shine

With the pencil-lead of the Englishman.  
Set him down on a nice new bench,  
Two minutes more with a jerk and a wrench  
He's digging the names of himself and his  
wench;

Oh, if we could borrow a leaf from the French,  
And teach good sense to the Englishman.  
The glass of the carriage in which he rides,  
The handsome mirror mine host provides,  
The window wherever the snob abides,  
The humble sign-post his way that guides,

Are scribbled upon by the Englishman.  
In Lichfield's aisle lie two little dears,  
Young mothers moisten the marble with tears,  
The Cunningham-Chantrey Babes,—for years  
Appeared thereon, and perchance appears,  
The scabble of many an Englishman.

On the top of the church, in the bathing machine,  
On the walls of the castle that holds his queen,

On the arch of the cloister damp and green,  
On the seat of the pew, there's sure to be seen  
The mark of the scrawling Englishman.

And now to the grim Crimea he goes,  
And there, where the bones of his dead repose  
(Honored by honored and valiant foes),  
He's at it again, and Europe knows

The fellow is—only an Englishman.  
Whoever does such a sneaking job  
At home or abroad is a rascally snob,  
And whoever may spy him, Jules, Wilhelm, or  
Bob,

Will oblige *Mr. Punch* by punching the nob  
Of a coarse and a mischievous Englishman.  
—Punch.

## THE TAILORS.

In a corner of the world I spy,  
Not very far remote,  
A group of tailors who've met to try  
If they can mend a coat.

'Tis a purple brocade all faded and frayed  
They are laboring to repair,  
In the court of a palace they ply their trade  
And grumble and whisper there.

Its stiff old fashion has long since past,  
And the stuff is worn and torn,  
But they think by their botching to make it last  
For ages yet unborn.

This Joseph's coat of many a dye  
Is patched with Bohemian rags,  
And velvets and silks from Italy,  
And Hungarian tassels and tags.

'Tis stained by many a bloody spot,  
And worn by the fretting sword,  
And the gold in it wrought the Jews have got,  
And the rats have the lining devoured.

From the facings its Milan silk was torn,  
And lost in a day of disgrace,—  
And so spoiled and forlorn, that 'twould make  
you mourn,  
Is its point Venetian lace.

These Mantua-makers will never make fast  
The border with which it is bound.—  
Though they baste it and whip it and overcast  
And fell it and hem it round.

'Tis so shrunken and rotten with wear and tear  
That it grieves one to see them sit,  
With loop-stitch and chain-stitch and tent-stitch  
there  
Striving to strengthen it.

But a Charlatan from France has come  
To lend them a helping hand,  
He has tailored an old coat new at home  
With a yoke and collar and band,—

He has ironed it out in his mangle press  
Till it looks as good as new,  
And he promises them the same success,  
In tailoring their coat too—

There, whispering together with bated breath  
In voices harsh and low,  
And mumbling a priestly Shibboleth,  
Their tattered coat they sew.

—Examiner.

HARD held in the sinewy grasp of honest Dymocke, whose features expanded into grim smiles with the excitement of a rousing gallop, the sorrel's regular stride swept round the park at Boughton, despite the heat of the afternoon sun and the hardness of the ground. Such a proceeding was, indeed, a flagrant departure from the rules of stable discipline, which would have enjoined the serving-man to bring his charge quietly home, and bed him up incontinentally for the night. To judge, however, by Hugh's countenance, he had good reasons for this unusual measure, and after half an hour's walk through the cool shade of the avenues, he jumped from the saddle in the stable-yard, and contemplated the still reeking sides of his favorite with an expression of grave and critical approval.

"Ay," said he, as the sorrel, after snorting once or twice, raised his excited head, as if ready and willing for another gallop, "you could make some of them look pretty foolish even now. Regular work and good food has not done you any harm since you left off your soldierin'; and after this bit of a breather to-night, if you *should* be wanted to-morrow, why—whew!"

The prolonged whistle which concluded this soliloquy denoted an idea of such rapidity as words were totally inadequate to convey; and Dymocke proceeded to wash his charge's feet, and rub down his bright, glossy sides in the cool air of the spacious stable-yard, with a demeanor of mysterious importance which argued the most alarming results.

Now by a curious coincidence it so happened that Faith, despising the allurements of the buttery, in which the other servants were partaking of one of their many repasts, tripped softly through the yard on her way to the laundry, one of those domestic offices the vicinity of which to the stables offers the men and maids of an establishment many opportunities of innocent gayety and improving conversation. It was not surprising that Faith should loiter for a few minutes to enjoy the society of an individual with whom she avowedly "kept company," or that hereditary curiosity should prompt her to demand the cause of the horse's heated appearance, and the unusual care bestowed on him by his rider.

"You do frighten one so, sergeant," said Faith, addressing her swain by his title of brevet rank, with a coy look and one of her sweetest smiles—such a look and smile as argued ulterior intentions. "It gave me quite a turn to see you as I did from Mistress Grace's window coming round the Cedars at such a breakneck rate. Is any thing the matter, Hugh?" she added, anxiously. "You're not going to leave us again for sure?"

Dymocke was splashing and hissing for hard life. He paused, winked ominously in his questioner's face, and, shifting the bucket of water to the off-side, set to work again more vigorously than before.

She had not "kept company" with him all these months without knowing exactly how to manage him. She pulled a bunch of green leaves for the sorrel, caressed him admiringly, and, looking askance at Dymocke's stooping figure, addressed her conversation to the horse.

"Poor fellow!" she said, smoothing his glossy neck, "how you must miss your master. He wouldn't have rode you so unmercifully such a baking day as this. I wonder where he is now, poor young man. Far enough away, I'll be bound, or *you* wouldn't be put upon as you've been this blessed afternoon."

The taunt rankled. Hugh looked up from his operations.

"There's reason for it, Mistress Faith; take my word, there's reason for it, though you can't expect to be told the whys and the wherefores every time as one of our horses gets a gallop."

There *was* a mystery, then. To a woman such an admission was in itself a challenge. Faith vowed to know all about it ere she slept that night.

A sprig of green remained in her hand. She pulled it asunder pensively, leaf by leaf, and heaved one or two deep sighs. She knew her man thoroughly; despite his vinegar face his heart was as soft as butter to the sex.

"Ah, Hugh," she said, "it's an anxious time for us poor women, that sits and cries our eyes out, when you men you've nothing to brood over. I was in hopes the troubles was all done now. Whatever should I do to

lose you again, dear? Tell me, Hugh, leastways, it's nothing up about yourself, is it?"

Faith's eyes were very soft and pretty, and she used them at this juncture with considerable skill.

Dymocke looked up, undoubtedly mollified.

"Well, it's nothing about myself—there!" he grunted out, in a rough voice.

A step was gained; he had made an admission. She would wheedle it all out of him now before the supper-bell rang.

"Nor yet the captain," exclaimed Faith, clasping her hands in an agony of affected alarm. "Say it's not the captain, Hugh, for any sake. Oh, my poor young mistress! Say it's not the captain, or major, or whatever he be; only say the word, Hugh, that he's safe."

"Well, he's safe enough as yet, for the matter of that," answered Hugh, saying the word, however, with considerable unwillingness. In such a "pumping" process as the present the struggles of the victim are the more painful from his total inability to escape.

"As yet, Hugh?" repeated the operator; "as yet? Then you know something about him? you know where he is? you've heard of him? he's alive and well? he's come back from abroad? he's in England? perhaps he's in Northamptonshire even now?"

Dymocke's whole attention seemed bent on his currycomb and accompanying sibilations.

Faith set her lips tight.

"Sergeant Dymocke," she said, with an air of solemn warning, "you and me has kept company now for many a long day, and none can say as I've so much as looked over my shoulder at ever a young man but yourself. There's Master Snood, the mercer in Northampton, and long Will Bucksfoot, the wild forester at Rockingham, as has been down scores and scores of times on their bended knees to me to say the word, and I never said the word, and I never wouldn't. I wont say what I've thought, and I wont say what I've hoped; but if things is to end as they've begun between you and me, I wouldn't answer for the consequences!"

With this mysterious and comprehensive threat, Faith burst into a passion of tears, and burying her face in her apron, wept aloud, refusing to be comforted.

Another point gained. She had dexter-

ously shifted her ground, and put him in the position of the suppliant.

He was forced to abandon his horse and console her to the best of his abilities, with awkward caresses and blunt assurances of affection. By degrees the sobs became less frequent; certain vague hints, tending to hyemeneal results, produced, as usual, a sedative effect. Peace was established, and Faith returned to the attack much invigorated by the tears that had so relieved her feelings.

"Of course you'd trust a wife with every thing you knew," observed Faith, in answer to an observation of Dymocke's, which we are bound to admit was not marked by his usual caution. "And the major is come back?" she added, in her most coaxing accents and with her sunniest smile.

"Yes, he's back," said Hugh, laconically.

"And you've seen him?" added Faith, who felt she was winning easy.

Hugh nodded.

"This afternoon?"

Another nod, implying a cautious affirmative.

"Where?"

"Close by, at Brampton. The horse knowed him at once, for all his disguise. It was beautiful to see the dumb creature's affection," urged Hugh, emphatically.

"Disguised, was he?" echoed Faith, delighted with the result of her perseverance. "Where had he come from? where was he going to? what was he doing? You may as well tell me all about it now, Hugh. Come, out with it; there's a dear."

Out it all came, indeed, as a secret generally does, much to the relief of the proprietor and the satisfaction of the curious. Like a goat-skin of Spanish wine in which the point of a mountaineer's knife has been dexterously inserted, there is a little frothing and bubbling at first, then a few precious drops ooze through the orifice, and anon a fine, generous stream comes flowing out continuously till the skin is emptied.

So Faith learned that the shabby fisherman at Brampton-ford was none other than Major Bosville; that he was waiting there with a political object, which it would be more than his life's worth to disclose; that he had been fishing there for two whole days, and had not achieved the object for which he had come;



that the ladies and Sir Giles had been within ten yards of him, and never recognized him; and lastly, that the sorrel's attachment to his master was not to be obliterated by time, nor to be deceived by appearances.

"It was a sight to do your eyes good, my dear," said Hugh, stroking the horse's nose, "to see him break away from me and gallop all round the miller's close, as if he'd never be caught or tamed again, and then trotting up to Major Humphrey as if he'd been a dog, and neighing for joy, and rubbing his head against his master, and the major looking a'most as pleased as the horse. They're more sense and more affection, too, than many human beings," added Hugh, impressively; "and now you needn't to be told, my dear, why I gave him this bit of a turn to keep his pipes clear in case of accidents. He might be wanted to-morrow, or he might not; and if so be that he were, it shall never be said that he came out of *this* stable and wasn't fit to save a man's life. They're like the female sex, my dear, in many particulars, but in none so much as this. It's ruling them well and working of them easy that makes them good; but it's ruling them strict and working of them hard that makes them better."

With this philosophical axiom, the result, doubtless, of much attentive observation, Dymocke clothed up the sorrel, and let him into the stable, whilst Faith, with an expression of deeper anxiety than often troubled her pretty face, tripped away to her mistress's room, and, to the best of our belief, never visited the laundry after all.

Grace had to be dressed for supper. In those simple days people supped by daylight in the summer, and revised their toilets carefully for the meal, much as they dress for dinner now; and in those days, as in the present, a lady's "back hair" was a source of much manual labor to her maid, and much mental anxiety to herself.

Though Faith worked away at the ebon masses with an unmerciful number of jerks and twitches and an unusually hard brush, she did not succeed in exciting the attention of the sufferer, who sat patient and motionless in her hands—not even looking at herself in the glass.

Faith heaved one or two surprisingly deep sighs, and even ventured upon a catching of

the breath, such as with ladies of her profession is the usual precursor to a flood of tears, but without the slightest effect. Grace never lifted her eyes from the point of her foot, which peeped out beneath her robe.

At length, the waiting-maid pressed her hand against her side, with an audible expression of pain.

"What's the matter, Faith?" said her mistress, turning round, with a wondering, abstracted gaze, which brightened into one of curiosity as she marked the excited expression of her attendant's countenance.

"Nothing, ma'am," replied Faith, with another catching of the breath, real enough this time; "leastways nothing's the matter at present, though what's to come of it goodness only knows. O Mistress Grace! Mistress Grace!" she added, letting all the "back hair" down *en masse*, and clasping her two hands upon her bosom, "who d'ye think's come back again? who d'ye think's within a mile of this house at this blessed minute? who d'ye think's been disguised and fishing by Brampton mill this very day? and the sorrel knew him though nobody else didn't, and all the troubles that was clean gone and over is to begin again; and who d'ye think it is, Mistress Grace, that might be walking up the stairs and into this very room even now?"

Startling as was the possibility, Grace seemed to contemplate it with wondrous calmness. Though she was blushing deeply, she exhibited no signs of surprise or alarm as she asked very quietly, "Who?"

"Why, who but Major Humphrey?" replied Faith, triumphantly. "Now, don't ye take on, Mistress Grace, my sweet young lady, don't you go for to frighten yourself, there's a dear! It's Dymocke that saw him; and the sergeant's a discreet man, you know, and as true as steel. And he says the major looked so worn and thin, and as pale as a ghost. But the horse, he knew him, bless his sorrel skin; and the sergeant says he wouldn't have discovered the major himself, if it hadn't been for the dumb animal. It's as much as his life's worth to be here, Mistress Grace, so the sergeant says; and the Roundheads—that's the rebels, as we was used to call them—the Parliamentarians (wise and godly men, too, some of them) would

shoot him to death as soon as ever they set eyes on him; but don't you worrit and fret yourself, Mistress Grace, don't ye now!"

Grace received the intelligence with surprising composure. "He *was* looking dreadfully altered," she muttered to herself; but she only told Faith that if this very improbable story were really true, it was incumbent on the possessor of so deadly a secret to bridle her tongue, and not allow the slightest hint to escape that might be the means of throwing Bosville into the hands of his enemies; and she went down to supper with an unflinching step and an air of outward composure that astonished and even somewhat displeased her susceptible handmaiden.

"She can't care for him one morsel," said Faith, as she folded up her lady's things and put them carefully away. The girl had no idea of the power possessed by some natures to "suffer and be still." In a parallel case she would have cried her own eyes out, she thought, and it would have done her good. She did not know, and would not have appreciated, the "enduring faculty" that seems most fully developed in the two extreme races of the patrician and the savage, and esteemed herself doubtless happier without the pride that dries our tears, 'tis true, but dries them much in the same way that the red-hot searing-iron scorches up and stanches the stream from a gaping wound. Grace possessed her share of this well-born quality, for all her gentle manner and her quiet voice; nor did she ever draw more largely upon her stores of self-command than while she sat opposite Sir Giles at supper that evening, and filled out his "dish of claret" again and again with her own pretty hands. She thought the meal never would be over. This stanch old Cavalier was in unusual spirits with the prospect of his majesty's visit, and laughed and joked with his thoughtful "Gracey," so perseveringly as almost to drive her wild. She absolutely *thirsted* for solitude, and the enjoyment, if such it could be called, of her own thoughts. But supper was over at last. Sir Giles, leaning back in his high carved chair, sank to his usual slumber, and Grace was free to come and go unnoticed, for Lord Vaux was still on a sick-bed, and Mary Cave, pleading fatigue and indisposition, had remained in her own chamber.

Now, it is a singular fact, that although neither of the ladies who occupied Lord Vaux's roomy old coach had immediately recognized the disguised fisherman at Brampton mill, a certain instinctive consciousness of his identity had come upon each of them at the same instant; and it is no less singular that neither of them should have offered the slightest hint of her suspicions to her companion; and that, although the manner of each was more affectionate than usual, by a sort of tacit understanding they should have avoided one another's society for the rest of the day.

Thus it came to pass that Mary, who never used to be tired, went to her own room immediately she returned from Holmbury, and begged she might not be disturbed even by the "burnt posset," which was our ancestors' jolly substitute for a "cup of tea."

It may seem strange that Mistress Cave should have been so ignorant of Bosville's movements, and that she of all women should have been so startled by his unexpected appearance in Northamptonshire; but, truth to tell, Mary had long ceased to know his intentions, or to be consulted as of old about his every action. Though he had written to her frequently, all correspondence from the queen's court was so carefully watched, that his letters never reached their destination; and the same cause had intercepted an epistle which, after a long interval of suspense, proud Mary Cave had brought herself to write to the man whose absence she was astonished to find she bore so impatiently. It was galling, doubtless, but it was none the less true. When she parted from him at Exeter, there was indeed every probability that in those troublous times they might never meet again on earth; and this separation she could not but feel was a most unpleasant contingency. Nay, it was actually painful, and many a secret tear it cost her. This it was which had made her so cold and haughty till he actually bid her farewell; and how often since had she wished, till her heart ached, that she could live those few days over again! As month after month passed on without further tidings, she seemed to feel her loss more and more. Self-reproach, curiosity, and pique combined to make her think and ponder on the absent one, whose

merits, both of mind and body, seemed to come out so vividly now that it was possible they belonged to *her* no longer.

Mary was no dull observer of human nature, and she knew well that if she really cared to retain his affections, she had been playing a somewhat dangerous game. Had he been employed in the alarms and excitement of warfare, subjected day by day to the ennobling influence of danger, his higher and better feelings kept awake by the inspiring stimulus of military glory, and the deepest, truest affections of his heart, enhanced as they always are by the daily habit of looking death in the face, she felt she would have reigned in that heart more imperiously than ever; but the case was quite different now. He was living in the atmosphere of a pleasure-loving and profligate court. He was subjected to just so much excitement and dissipation as would serve to distract his thoughts, just so much interesting employment as would forbid his mind from dwelling continuously upon any single topic. From his position he was sure to be courted by the great, and with his person to be welcomed by the fair. To do him justice, he had ever shown himself sufficiently callous to the latter temptation, and yet—Mary remembered the wit and the attractions of those French ladies amongst whom she had spent her youth; she even caught herself recalling his admiration of one or two of her own accomplishments derived from that source. He might find others fairer than she was now—kinder than she had ever been—some gentle heart would be sure to love him dearly, and the very intensity of its affection would win his in return; and then indeed he would be lost to her altogether: *she would rather he was lying dead and buried yonder on Naseby field!* And yet, no! no!—any thing were better than that. Mary was startled at the bitterness and the strength of her own passions. It was frightful! it was humiliating! it was unwomanly to feel like this. Was she weaker as she grew older, that she could thus confess to herself so deep an interest in one who might perhaps already have forgotten her? She had not loved Falkland so—that was a pure, lofty, and ennobling sentiment—there was much more of the earthly element in this strange, wild fas-

cination. Perhaps it was none the less dear—none the less dangerous on that account.

So she resolved that whatever cause had brought him back at last (for too surely she felt the disguised fisherman was no other than Bosville), *she* at least would appear to be ignorant and careless of his movements. Till his long silence was explained, of course he could be nothing to her; and, even then, if people could forget for two whole years, *other* people could forget altogether. Yes, it would be far better so. He must be changed indeed not to have spoken to her that very day by the water side. Then she remembered what Grace had said about the knot of pink ribbon, and, womanlike, after judging him so harshly, her heart smote her for her unkindness, and she wept.

The sun was sinking below the horizon when Grace stepped out upon the terrace at Boughton, and wrapping a scarf around her shoulders, paced slowly away for a stroll in the cool atmosphere and refreshing breezes of the park. It was delicious to get into the pure evening air after the hot drive and the crowded court, and Sir Giles' interminable supper; to be alone once more under God's heaven, and able to think undisturbed. The deer were already couching for the night amongst the fern, the rooks had gone home hours ago, but a solitary and belated heron, high up in the calm sky, was winging his soft, silent way towards the flush of sunset which crimsoned all the west. It was the hour of peace and repose, when Nature subsides to a dreamy stillness ere she sinks to her majestic sleep—when the ox lies down in his pasture, and the wild bird is hushed on the bough—when all is at rest on earth save only the restless human heart, which will never know peace but in the grave.

Grace threaded the stems of the tall old trees, her foot falling lightly upon the mossy sward, her white figure glancing ghostlike in and out the dusky avenues, her fair brow, from which she put back the masses of hair with both hands, cooling in the evening breeze.

What did she here? She scarce knew herself why she had sought this woodland solitude—why she had been so restless, so impatient, so dissatisfied with every thing and everybody, so longing to be alone. Deeply

she pondered on Faith's narrative, though indeed she had guessed the truth long before her handmaiden's confidences. Much she wondered what *he* was doing here—whence had he come?—when was he going away?—what was this political mystery in which foolish Faith believed so implicitly? Why was he in Northamptonshire at all? Was there a chance of his wandering here to-night to visit his old haunts?—and if he should, what was that to her? The girl's cheek flushed, though she was alone, with mingled pain and pride as she reflected that she had given her heart unasked. No! not *quite* given it, but suffered it to wander sadly out of her own control; and that, though she was better now, there *had* been a time when she cared for him a great deal more than was good for her. Well, it was over, and yet she *should* like to see him once again, she confessed, if it were only to wish him "good-by." Were there fairies still on earth? Could it be possible her wish was granted? There he was!

Grace's heart beat violently, and her breath came and went very quick as the dark figure of a man emerged from the shade of an old oak under which he had been standing, not ten paces from her. She almost repented of her wish, that seemed to have been accorded so readily. Poor Grace! there was no occasion for penitence; ere he had made three strides towards her she had recognized him; and it was with a voice in which disappointment struggled with unfeigned surprise, that she exclaimed, "Captain Effingham!"

He doffed his hat, and begged her, with the old manly courtesy she remembered so well, not to be alarmed. "His duty," he said, "had brought him into the neighborhood, and he could not resist the temptation of visiting the haunts of those who had once been so kind to him before these unhappy troubles had turned his best friends to strangers, if not to enemies." His voice shook as he spoke, and Grace could not forbear extending her hand to him; as she touched his it was like ice, and he trembled, that iron soldier, as if he were cold.

Darkness was coming on apace, yet even in the fading light Grace could not but see how hardly Time had dealt with her old admirer—an admirer of whom, although undeclared, her womanly instinct had been long ago conscious as a very devoted and a very worthy one.

George's whole countenance had deepened into the marked lines and grave expression of middle age. The hair and beard, once so raven black, were now grizzled; and although the tall, strong form was square and erect as ever, its gestures had lost the buoyant elasticity of youth, and had acquired the slow and somewhat listless air of those who have outlived their prime.

He seemed to have got something to communicate, yet he walked by her side without uttering another syllable. Grace looked down at the ground, and could not mark the sidelong gaze of deep, melancholy tenderness with which he regarded her beautiful profile and shapely form. The silence became very embarrassing; after the second turn she began to get quite frightened.

He spoke at last as it seemed with a mighty effort, and in a low, choking voice.

"You are surprised to see me, Mistress Grace, and with reason; perhaps I am guilty of presumption in even entering your kinsman's domain. Well, it is for the last time. Forgive me if I have startled you, or intruded on your solitude. May I speak to you for five minutes? I will not detain you long. Believe me, I never expected to see *you* here to-night."

"Then why on earth did you come?" was Grace's very natural reflection, but she only bowed and faltered out a few words expressive of her willingness to hear all he had got to say.

"I only arrived to-day at Northampton," he proceeded, calming as he went on; "I have been appointed to the command of a division of the army, to watch this district, and preserve the peace of his majesty and his parliament. We have reason to believe that a conspiracy is being organized to plunge this country once more in civil war. Suspicious persons are about."

Grace glanced sharply at him.

"My troopers are even now scouring the country to arrest a messenger from France, of whom I have received information. It is sad work, my duty will compel me to hang him to the nearest tree."

It was fortunate that the failing light prevented his seeing how pale she had turned.

"Believe me, Mistress Grace, it is hopeless for the 'Malignants' to stir up civil war again.



His majesty's Parliament will act for the safety of his majesty's person, and it will be my duty, with the large force I command, to escort him in security to the neighborhood of London."

Grace listened attentively—the little Royalist was half frightened, and half indignant at the calm tone of conscious power in which the successful soldier of the Parliament announced his intentions.

Effingham paused, as if to gather courage, then proceeded, speaking very rapidly, and looking studiously away from the person he addressed.

"You have never known, Mistress Grace, God forbid you ever should know, such suffering and such anxiety as I have experienced now for many long months. I did not come here to-night to tell you this. I did not come here expecting to see you at all. It was weak, I grant you, and unmanly, but I could not resist the temptation of wandering near your home once again, of watching the house in which you were, and perhaps looking on the light that shone from your window. I am no lovesick swain, Mistress Grace," he added, smiling bitterly, "with my rough soldier's manners and my gray hair; but I plead guilty to this one infatuation, and you may despise me for it if you will. Well! as I have met you to-night, I will tell you all—listen. Ever since I have known you, I have loved you, God help me! better than my own soul. You will never know, Grace, you *shall* never know, how truly, how dearly, how worse than madly—I feel it is hopeless—I feel it is no use—that I can never be more to you than the successful rebel, the enemy that is only *not* hated because you are too gentle and kind to hate any human being. Many a weary day have I longed to tell you this and so to bid you farewell, and see you never more. It is over now, and I am happier for the confession. God bless you, Grace! If you *could* have cared for me I should have been worthy of you—it cannot be—I shall never forget you—farewell!"

He raised her hand, pressed it once to his lips, and ere she had recovered from her astonishment he was gone.

Grace looked wildly around her, as one who wakes from a dream. It seemed like a dream indeed, but she still heard the tramp of his step as he walked away in the calm night, and, listening for a few minutes after he was gone,

distinguished the clatter of a horse's hoofs on the hard road leading to Northampton. Grace was utterly bewildered and confused. There was something not unpleasant in the sensation too. Long ago, though she was a good deal afraid of it, she had hugely admired that stern, enthusiastic nature, but the image of another had prevented the impression ripening into any feeling deeper than interest and esteem. And now to discover for a certainty that she had subjugated that strong, brave heart, that the rebel warrior had been worshipping her in secret all those long months, in the midst of his dangers and his victories, that her influence had softened his rigor to many a Royalist, and that he had saved her own dear old father at Naseby for *her* sake,—all this was any thing—but disagreeable to that innate love of dominion which exists in the gentlest of her sex, and such a conquest as that of the famous Parliamentary general (for to that rank George had speedily risen) was one that any woman might be proud of, and was indeed a soothing salve to her heart, wounded and mortified by the neglect of another. But then the danger to that other smote her with a chill and sickening apprehension. It could be none but Bosville that had been seen and suspected by the keen-eyed Parliamentarians. He might be a prisoner even now, and she shuddered as she reflected on that ghastly observation of Effingham about the nearest tree. Word by word, she recalled his conversation, and the design upon the king's liberty, which she had somewhat overlooked in the contemplation of more personal topics, assumed a frightful importance as she remembered that she was the depositary of this important intelligence. What ought she to do? Though Effingham had trusted her, he had extorted no promise of secrecy, and as she had always been taught besides that her first duty was towards her sovereign, there was no time for consideration. What was to be done? The king was in danger—Bosville was in danger—and she alone had the knowledge, though without the power of prevention. What was she to do? What *could* she do? She was completely at her wits' end!

In this predicament Grace's proceedings were characteristic, if not conclusive; she first of all began to cry, and then resolved upon consulting Mary, and making a "clean breast of it," which she felt would be an inexpressi-

ble relief. With this object she returned at once to the house, and hurried without delay to her friend's chamber.

That lady's indisposition had apparently not been severe enough to cause her to go to bed. On the contrary, she was sitting up, still completely dressed, and with a wakeful, not to say harassed, expression on her countenance which precluded all idea of sleep for many hours to come. She welcomed Grace with some little astonishment, "her headache was better, and it was kind of dear Gracey to come and inquire after her—she was just going to bed—she had been sitting up writing," she said.

There was a sheet of paper on the table, only it was blank.

Grace flung herself into her arms, and had "the cry" fairly out, which had been checked whilst she ran into the house.

"And the thing must be told," sobbed the agitated girl, when she had detailed her unexpected meeting with Effingham, and its startling results; "and father mustn't know it, or it will all be worse than ever, he'll be arming the servants and the few tenants that have got a horse left, and all the horrors will have to begin again, and he'll be killed some day, Mary, I know he will. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Mary's courage always rose in a difficulty; her brow cleared now, and her head went up.

"He must not be told a word, and the king must! Leave that to me, Gracey."

Grace looked unspeakably comforted for a moment, but the tide of her troubles surged in again irresistibly, as she thought of the suspected fisherman and the noose at the nearest tree.

"But Bosville, Mary—Bosville—think of him, close by here, and those savages hunting for him and thirsting for his blood. O Mary, I must save him, and I will. What

can be done? advise me, Mary—advise me. If a hair of his head is hurt I shall never sleep in peace again."

"I wish we had stopped and spoken to him to-day," observed Mary, abstractedly; "and yet it might only have compromised him, and done no good."

Grace looked up sharply through her tears. "Did you know it was Bosville, Mary, in that disguise? So did I!"

Notwithstanding Mistress Cave's self-command, a shadow as of great pain passed over her countenance. It faded, nevertheless, as quickly as it came. She took Grace's hand in her own, and looked quietly and sadly in the girl's weeping face.

"Do you love him, Gracey?" she said, very gently, and with a sickly sort of smile.

Grace's only answer was to hide her face between her hands and sob as if her heart would break.

Till she had sobbed herself to sleep in her chamber, her friend never left her. It was midnight ere she returned to her own room, and dotted the blank sheet of paper with a few short words in cipher. When this was done, Mary leaned her head upon her hand and pondered long and earnestly.

We have all read of the pearl of great price in the holy parable, and how, when the seeker had found it, he went and sold all that he had, and bought it and made it his own. Lightly he thought of friends and fame and fortune, compared to the treasure of his heart. We have often imagined the weary look of utter desolation which would have overspread his features, could he have seen that pearl shivered into fragments, the one essential object of his life existent no more—the treasure destroyed, and with it the heart also. Such a look was on Mary's pale face as she sat by her bedside watching for the first flush of the summer dawn.

#### CHAPTER XXIX. — "THE FALCON GENTLE."

THE sun shone bright on the level terraces of Holmby House—huge stone vases grotesquely carved and loaded with garden flowers studded the shaven lawns and green slopes that adorned the southern front of the palace—here and there a close-clipped yew or stunted juniper threw its black shadow across the sward, and broke in some measure the uniformity of those long, formal alleys in which our forefathers took such pleasure. Half-way down the hill, through the inter-

stices of their quivering screen of leaves, the fish-ponds gleamed like burnished gold in the morning light; and far below the sunny vale, broken by clumps of forest timber, and dotted with sheep and oxen, stretched away till it lost itself in the dense woodlands of Althorpe park.

Two figures paced the long terrace that immediately fronted the mansion. To and fro they walked with rapid strides, nor paused to contemplate the beauties of the distant land-

escape, nor the stately magnificence of the royal palace—shafted, mullioned, and pinnacled like a stronghold of romance. It was Charles and his attendant, the Earl of Pembroke, taking their morning exercise, which the methodical king considered indispensable to his health, and which was sufficiently harassing to the old and enfeebled frame of the noble commissioner. Charles, like his son, was a rapid and vigorous pedestrian. His bodily powers were wonderfully unsusceptible to fatigue; and perhaps the concentrated irritation awakened by a life of continuous surveillance and restraint may have found vent in thus fiercely pacing like some wild animal the area of his cage. Poor old Lord Pembroke, on whom the duty of a state-gaoler to his sovereign had been thrust, sorely against his will, and for whom “a good white pillow for that good white head” had been more appropriate than either steel headpiece or gilded coronet, had no such incentive to exertion, and halted breathlessly after the king, with a ludicrous mixture of deference and dismay, looking wistfully at the stone dial which stood midway in their course every time they passed it, and ardently longing for the time of his dismissal from this the most fatiguing of all his unwelcome duties.

The king, whose lungs, like his limbs, were little affected by his accustomed exercise, strode manfully on, talking, as was his wont, upon grave and weighty subjects, and anon waiting with gentle patience for the answers of the lagging courtier. His majesty was this morning in a more than usually moralizing mood.

“Look yonder, my Lord Earl,” said he, pointing to the beauteous scene around him—the smiling valley, the trim pleasure-grounds, the sparkling waters, with the lazy pike splashing at intervals to the surface, and the blossoms showering pink and white in the soft summer breeze. “Look yonder, and see how the sun penetrates every nook and cranny of the copsewood, even as it floods the open meadows in its golden glory. That sunlight is everywhere, my lord, in the lowest depths of the castle-vaults, as on yon bright pinnacle, around which the noisy daws are wheeling and chattering even now. ’Tis that sunlight which offers day, dim though it be, to the captive in the dungeon, even as it bathes in its lustre the eagle on the cliff. Is

there no moral in this, my lord? Is there no connection, think you, between the rays which give warmth to the body, and the inner light which gives life to the soul?”

Lord Pembroke was out of breath, and a little deaf into the bargain. “Very true, your majesty,” he assented, having caught just enough of the king’s discourse to be aware that it related in some measure to the weather. “Very true, as your majesty says, we shall have rain anon!” And the old earl looked up at the skies, over which a light cloud or two were passing, with a sidelong glance, like some weather wise old raven, devoutly hoping that a shower might put an end at once to the promenade and the conversation.

“Ay! it is even so,” proceeded the king, apparently answering his own thoughts rather than the inconsequent remark of his attendant. “There is indeed a cloud athwart the sun, and yet he is shining as brightly behind it upon the rest of the universe, as though there were no veil interposed between our petty selves and his majestic sight. And shall we murmur because the dark hour cometh and we must grope in our blindness a while, and mayhap wander from the path, and stumble and bruise our feet, till the day breaks in its glory once more? O man! man! though thou art shrinking and shivering in the storm, the sun shines still the same in its warmth and dazzling light; though thou art cowering in adversity, God is everywhere alike in wisdom, power, and goodness.”

As the king spoke, he turned and paced the length of the terrace once more. The clouds passed on, and the day was bright as ever. It seemed a good omen; and as the unhappy are prone to be superstitious, it was accepted as such by the meditative monarch. In silence he walked on, deeply engrossed with many a sad and solemn subject. His absent queen, from whom he had been long expecting tidings, whom he still loved with the undemonstrative warmth of his deep and tender nature—his ruined party and proscribed adherents—his lost crown, for he could scarce now consider himself a sovereign—his imperilled life, for already had he suspected the intentions of the Parliament, and resolved to oppose them if necessary, even to the death—lastly, his trust in God, which, weak, imprudent, injudicious as he may have been, never deserted Charles Stuart even in the last extremity—

which never yet failed any man who relied upon it in his need, from the king on the throne to the convict in the dungeon.

But the monarch's walk was doomed to be interrupted, and Lord Pembroke's penance brought to an earlier close than usual, by a circumstance the origin of which we must take leave to retrograde a few hours to explain, affecting as it does the proceedings of a fair lady who, in all matters of difficulty or danger, was accustomed to depend on no energies and consult no will but her own.

We left Mary Cave in her chamber at Boughton, watching wearily for the dawn, which came at length, as it comes alike to the bride, blushing welcome to her wedding-morn, and to the pale criminal, shrinking from the sunlight that he will never see more—which will come alike over and over again to our children and to our children's children, when we are dead and forgotten, but which shall at last be extinguished, too, or rather swallowed up in the eternal day, when darkness, sin, and sorrow shall be destroyed for evermore.

Pale and resolute, Mary made a careful toilet with the first streaks of day. Elaborately she arranged every fold of her riding-gear, and, with far more pains than common, pinned up and secured the long tresses of her rich brown hair. Usually they were accustomed to escape from their fastenings, and wave and float about her when disordered by a gallop in provokingly attractive profusion; but on this occasion they were so disposed that nothing but intentional violence was likely to disturb their shining masses. Stealthily she left her apartment, and without rousing the household sought the servants' offices—no difficult task, as bolts and bars in those simple times were usually left unfastened, except in the actual presence of some recognized danger; and although such an old-fashioned manor-house as that of Boughton might be fortified securely against an armed force, it was by no means so impregnable to a single thief who should simply use the precaution of taking off his shoes. Not a single domestic did Mary meet as she took her well-known way towards the stables; and even Bayard's loud neigh of recognition, echoed as it was by the delighted sorrel, failed to disturb the slumbers of Dymocke and his satellites. With her own fair hands Mary saddled and bridled her favorite, hurting her delicate fingers against the straps and buckles of his appointments. With her

own fair hands she jessed and hooded "Dewdrop," and took her from her perch in the falconer's mews, without leave asked of that still unconscious functionary; and thus dressed and mounted, with foot in stirrup and hawk on hand, Mary emerged through Boughton park like some female knight-errant, and took her well-known way to Brampton-ford.

We are all more or less, self-deceivers, and this lady was no exception to the rule of humanity. Secrecy was no doubt judicious on such an expedition as that which she had now resolved to take in hand; yet it is probable that Dymocke at least might have been trusted so far as to saddle her horse and hood her falcon; but something in Mary's heart bid her feel shame that any one, even a servant, should know whither she was bound; and although other and unacknowledged motives besides the obvious duty of warning Charles of his danger prompted her to take so decided a step, she easily persuaded herself that zeal for the king's safety, and regard for his person, made it imperative on her to keep religiously secret the interview she proposed extorting from his majesty; and that in so delicate and dangerous a business she ought to confide in no one but herself.

So she rode gently on towards Brampton-ford, Bayard stepping lightly and proudly over the spangled sward, and "Dewdrop" shaking her bells merrily under the inspiring influence of the morning air. A few short years ago she would have urged her horse into a gallop in the sheer exuberance of her spirits; nay, till within the last twenty-four hours, she would have paced along at least with head erect, and eye kindling to the beauties of the scene; but a change had come over her bearing, and her brow wore a look of depression and sadness, her figure stooped listlessly on her saddle; her whole exterior denoted that weary state of dejection which overcomes the player in the great game of life, who has thrown the last stake—and lost!

As she neared the river, she looked anxiously and furtively around, peering behind every tree and hawthorn that studded the level surface of the meadow. In vain: no fisherman disturbed the quiet waters of the Nene—no solitary figure trampled the long grass, wet with the dews of morning. There was no chance of a recognition—an explanation. Perhaps he avoided it on purpose—perhaps he felt aggrieved and wounded at her



long silence—perhaps he had forgotten her altogether. Two years was a long time. Men were proverbially inconstant. Besides, had she not resolved in her own heart that this folly should be terminated at once and forever? Yes, it was providential he was not there. It was far better—their meeting would have been painful and awkward for both. She could not be sufficiently thankful that she had been spared the trial. All the time she would have given her right arm to see him just once again.

With a deep sigh she roused Bayard into a gallop, and the good steed, nothing loth, stretched away up the hill with the long, regular stride that is indeed the true "poetry of motion." A form couching low behind a clump of alders watched her till she was out of sight, and a shabbily dressed fisherman, with sad brow and heavy heart, then resumed his occupation of angling in the Nene with the same studious pertinacity that he had displayed in that pursuit for the last two days.

It would have required indeed all the instincts of a loving heart, such as the sorrel, in common with his generous equine brethren, undoubtedly possessed, to recognize in the wan, travel-stained angler the comely exterior of Humphrey Bosville. The drooping moustaches had been closely shaved, the long love-locks shorn off by the temples to admit of the short, flaxen wig which replaced the young Cavalier's dark, silky hair. His worn-out beaver, too, slouched down over his eyes, and his rusty jerkin, with its high collar devoid of linen, completed the metamorphosis, while the small feet were encased in huge, shapeless wading boots, and the hands, usually so white and well kept, were now embrowned and stained by the influence of exposure and hard usage. His disguise, he flattered himself, was perfect, and he was not a little proud of the skill by which he had escaped suspicion in the port at which he had landed, and deceived even the wary soldiers of the Parliament as to his real character, at several military posts which they occupied, and where he had been examined. Humphrey Bosville, as we know, had passed his parole never again to bear arms against the Parliament, but his word of honor, he conceived, did not prohibit him from being the prime agent in every hazardous scheme organized by the royal party at that intriguing time. True to his faith, he missed no opportunity of risking life in the

service of his sovereign, and he was even now waiting in the heart of an enemy's country to deliver an important letter from the queen to her wretched and imprisoned husband.

For this cause he prowled stealthily about the river Nene, waiting for the chance of Charles' crossing the bridge in some of his riding expeditions, and the sport of fishing in which he seemed to be engaged enabled him to remain in the same spot for several hours, unsuspected of aught save a characteristic devotion to that most patience-wearing of amusements.

Though he saw his ladye love ride by alone in the early morning, a feeling of duty, still paramount in his soldier nature, prevented his discovering himself even to her. So he thought, and persuaded himself there was no leaven of pique, no sense of irritation at long and unmerited neglect, embittering the kindly impulses of his honest heart. He watched her receding form with acting eyes. "Ay," thought poor Humphrey, all his long-cherished love welling up in that deep tide of "bitter waters" which is so near akin to hate, "ride on as you used to do, in your beauty and your heartlessness, as you *would* do without drawing rein or turning aside, though my body were beneath your horse's feet. What care you, that you have taken from me all that makes life hopeful and happy, and left me instead, darkness where there should be light, and listless despair where there should be courage and energy and trust? I gave you all, proud, heartless Mary, little enough it may be, and valueless to you, but still *my all*, and what have I reaped in exchange? A fevered, worn-out frame, that can only rest when prostrated by fatigue, a tortured spirit, that never knows a respite save in the pressure of immediate and imminent danger. Well, it will soon be over now. This last stroke will probably finish my career, and there will be repose at any rate in the grave. I will be true to the last. *Loyalty before all.* You shall hear of him when it is too late, but of his own free will, proud, heartless woman, he will never look upon your face again!"

Our friend was very much hurt, and quite capable of acting as he imagined. These lovers' quarrels, you see, though the wise rate them at their proper value, are sufficiently painful to the poor fools immediately concerned, and Major Bosville resumed his sport,

not the least in the frame of mind recommended by old Isaac Walton to the disciple who goes a-fishing.

Meanwhile, Mary Cave stretched on at Bayard's long, easy gallop till she came in view of the spires and chimneys of Holmbly House towering into the summer sky, when, with a gleam of satisfaction such as she had not yet displayed kindling on her beautiful face, she drew rein, and prepared for certain active operations, which she had been meditating as she came along.

Taking a circuit of the palace, and entering the park at its westernmost gate, she loosed Dewdrop's jesses, and, without unhooding her, flung the falcon aloft into the air. A soft west wind was blowing at the time, and the bird, according to the nature of its kind, finding itself free from restraint, but at the same time deprived of sight, opened its broad wings to the breeze and soared away towards the pleasure-grounds of the palace, in which Charles and the Earl of Pembroke were taking their accustomed exercise.

Mary was no bad judge of falconry, and the very catastrophe she anticipated happened exactly as she intended. The hawk, sailing gallantly down the wind, struck heavily against the branches of a tall elm that intervened, and fell lifeless on the sward almost at the king's feet. Mary at the same time urging Bayard to his speed, came scouring rapidly down the park, as though in search of her lost favorite, and apparently unconscious of the presence of royalty or the proximity of a palace, put her horse's head straight for the sunken fence which divided the lawns from the park. Bayard pointed his small ears, and cleared it at a bound, his mistress reining short up after performing this feat, and dismounting to bend over the body of her dead falcon with every appearance of acute and pre-occupied distress.

The king and Lord Pembroke looked at each other in mute astonishment. Such an apparition was indeed an unusual variety in those tame morning walks, and the drooping figure of the lady, the dead bird, and the roused, excited horse, would have made a fit group for the sculptor or the painter.

"Gallantly ridden, fair dame!" said the king, at length breaking the silence, and discovering himself to the confused equestrian. "Although this is a somewhat sudden and unceremonious intrusion on our privacy, we

are constrained to forgive it, in consideration of the boldness of the feat, and the heavy nature of your loss. Your falcon, I fear, is quite dead. Ha!" added the monarch, with a start of recognition; "by my faith it is Mistress Mary Cave! You are not here for nothing," he proceeded, becoming visibly pale, and speaking in an agitated tone; "are there tidings of the queen?"

Mary was no contemptible actress; acting is, indeed, an accomplishment that seems to come naturally to most women. She now counterfeited such violent confusion and alarm at the breach of *etiquette* into which her thoughtlessness had hurried her, that the old Earl of Pembroke began to make excuses for her impetuosity, and whilst Mary, affecting extreme faintness, only murmured "water, water," the old courtier kept urging upon the king that "the lady was probably ignorant of court forms—that she did not know she was so near the palace—that her horse was running away with her," and such other incongruous excuses as his breathless state admitted of his enumerating.

The king lost patience at last.

"Don't stand prating there, man," said he, pointing to Mary, who seemed indeed to be at the last gasp; "go and fetch the lady some water—can you not see she will faint in two minutes?"

And while the old earl hobbled off in quest of the reviving element, Charles raised Mary from her knees, and repeated, in a voice trembling with alarm, his previous question, "Are there tidings from the queen?"

"No, my liege," replied Mary, whose faintness quitted her with extraordinary rapidity as soon as the earl was out of ear-shot. "This business concerns yourself. There is a plot to carry off your majesty's person, there is a plot to lead you to London a prisoner, this very day. I only discovered it at midnight. I had no means of communicating unwatched with my sovereign, and I took this unceremonious method of intruding on his privacy. Forgive me, my liege, I did not even know that I should be so fortunate as to see you for an instant alone; had you been accompanied by more than one attendant, I must have taken some other means of placing this packet in your hands."

As Mary spoke she unbound the masses of her shining hair, and taking a paper from its folds, presented it to the king, falling once

more  
hand  
"I ha  
in ci  
I mig  
pelled  
no be  
than  
in me  
is nev  
this i  
word,  
gage  
oring  
have  
Th  
figure  
flush  
long,  
shoul  
small  
own,  
her l  
abanc  
the n  
waste  
a sad  
the t  
as he  
to th  
"I  
"enc  
Engl  
never  
to s  
Nev  
is fo  
his l  
give,  
swer  
you  
coul  
my o  
only  
ful  
Cave

more upon her knees, and kissing the royal hand extended to her with devoted loyalty. "I have here communicated to your majesty in cipher all I have learned about the plot. I might have been searched had I been compelled to demand an interview, and I knew no better method of concealing my packet than this. O, my liege! my liege! confide in me, the most devoted of your subjects. It is never too late to play a bold stroke; resist this measure with the sword—say but the word, lift but your royal hand, and I will engage to raise the country in sufficient force to bring your majesty safe off, if I, Mary Cave, have to ride at their head!"

The king looked down at the beautiful figure kneeling there before him, her cheek flushed, her eyes bright with enthusiasm, her long, soft hair showering over her neck and shoulders, her horse's bridle clasped in one small gloved hand whilst the other held his own, which she had just pressed fervently to her lips; an impersonation of loyalty, self-abandonment, and unavailing heroism, of all the nobler and purer qualities which had been wasted so fruitlessly in the royal cause; and a sad smile stole over his countenance, whilst the tears stood in his deep, melancholy eyes as he looked from the animated living figure, to the dead falcon that completed the group.

"Enough blood has been shed," said he; "enough losses sustained by the Cavaliers of England in my quarrel. Charles Stuart will never again kindle the torch of war—no, not to save his crown—not to save his head! Nevertheless, kind Mistress Mary, forewarned is forearmed, and your sovereign offers you his heartfelt thanks, 'tis all he has now to give, for your prompt resolution and your unswerving loyalty. Would that it had cost you no more than your falcon—would that I could replace your favorite with a bird from my own royal mews. Alas! I am a king now only in name—I believe I have but one faithful subject left, and that is Mistress Mary Cave!"

As the king spoke, Lord Pembroke returned with the water, and Mary, with many acknowledgments of his majesty's condescension, and many apologies and excuses, mingled with regrets for the loss of her falcon, remounted her horse, and leaving the pleasure-grounds by a private gate or postern of which the earl had the key, returned to Boughton by the way she had come, pondering in her own mind on the success of her enterprise and the impending calamities that seemed gathering in to crush the unhappy king.

Much to the relief of the aged nobleman this adventure closed the royal promenade for that morning, and Charles, giving orders for his attendants to be in readiness after dinner, as it was his intention to ride on horseback and indulge himself in a game of bowls at Lord Vaux's house at Boughton—an intention which may perhaps have accounted for his abrupt dismissal of Mary Cave—retired to the privacy of his closet, there to deliberate, not on the stormy elements of his political future—not on the warning he had just received and the best means of averting an imprisonment which now indeed threatened to be no longer merely a matter of form—not on the increasing power of his sagacious enemy, who was even then taking his wary, uncompromising measures for his downfall, and whose mighty will was to that of the feeble Charles as his long cut-and-thrust broadsword to the walking rapier of a courtier—not of Cromwell's ambition and his own incompetency—not of his empty throne and his imperilled head—but of an abstruse dispute on casuistical divinity and the unfinished tag of a Latin verse!

Truly in weaker natures constant adversity seems to have the effect of blunting the faculties and lowering the whole mental organization of the man. The metal must be iron in the first instance, or the blast of the furnace will never temper it into steel.

## FRANKLIN.

THE Polar clouds uplift—  
A moment and no more—  
And through the snowy drift,  
We see them on the shore—

A band of gallant hearts,  
Well ordered, calm and brave;  
Braced for their closing parts—  
Their long march to the grave.

Through the snow's dazzling blink,  
Into the dark they've gone.  
No pause: the weaker link,  
The strong can but drive on.

Till all the weary way  
Is dotted with their dead;  
And the shy foxes play  
About each sleeping head.

Unharm'd the wild deer run,  
To graze along the strand:  
Nor dread the loaded gun  
Beside each sleeping hand.

The remnant that survive  
Onward like drunkards reel;  
Scarce wotting if alive,  
But for the pangs they feel.

The river of their hope  
At length is drawing nigh—  
Their snow-blind way they grope,  
And reach its banks to die!

Thank God! brave Franklin's place  
Was empty in that band.  
He closed his well-run race  
Not on the iron strand.

Not under snow-clouds white,  
By cutting frost-wind driven,  
Did his true spirit fight  
It shuddering way to Heaven.

But warm, aboard his ship,  
With comfort at his side  
And hope upon his lip,  
The gallant Franklin died.

His heart ne'er ached to see  
His much-loved sailors ta'en;  
His sailors' pangs were free  
From their loved captain's pain.

But though in death apart,  
They are together now;  
Calm, each enduring heart—  
Bright, each devoted brow!

—Punch.

## THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS.

[OUR readers will not fail to recognize in the following translation the graceful and classical hand of Father Prout.]—*Examiner*.

In this morning's *Moniteur* the sudden change

of weather, and the departure from Paris of the swallows for southern and Oriental latitudes, have elicited from Theophile Gautier (a regular contributor to the official journal at a large salary) a pretty ballad, of which I subjoin a few stanzas:—

La pluie au bassin fait des bulles;  
Les hirondelles sur le toit  
Tiennent des conciliabules  
Voici l'hiver! voici le froid!

Elles s'assemblent par centaines,  
Se concertant pour le départ,  
L'une dit, Oh que dans Athenes  
Il fait bon sur le vieux rempart

Tous les ans j'y vais, et je niche  
Aux metopes du Parthenon;  
Mon nid bouche dans la corniche  
Le trou d'un boulet la canon.

L'autre, J'ai ma petite chambre  
A Smyrne au plafond d'un café;  
Les Hadji's comptent leur grains d'ambre  
Sur le seuil d'un rayon chauffé.

Celle ci, J'abite un trigliphe  
Au fronton d'un temple a Baalbac,  
Je m'y suspends par ma griffe  
Sur mes petits a large bec.

A la seconde cataracte,  
Dit la dernière; j'ais mon nid,  
J'en ai noté la place exacte,  
Dans le cou d'un roi de granit.

Down comes rain-drop, bubble follows;  
On the house-top, one by one  
Flock the committee of swallows,  
Met to vote that autumn's gone.

There are hundreds of them sitting,  
Met to vote in unison,  
And resolve on general flitting,  
"I'm for Athens off," says one.

"Every year my place is filled in  
Corner of the Parthenon,  
Where a ball has struck the building,  
Shot from Turk's besieging gun."

"As for me, I've got my chamber  
O'er a Smyrna coffee shop,  
Where his headroll, made of ambe  
Hadji counts, and sips a drop."

"I prefer Palmyra's scantlings,  
And the pillars of Baalbec,  
Perched on which I feed my bantlings  
As they ope their infant beak."

While the last, to tell her plan, says,  
"On the second cataract  
I've a statue of old Ramsès,  
And his neck is nicely crack'd."

—From the Paris correspondence of the *Globe*.